THE BYSTANDER
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JUNE 20, 1928

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ASCOT—TATTOO—HORSE SHOW—In Colour and Black and White

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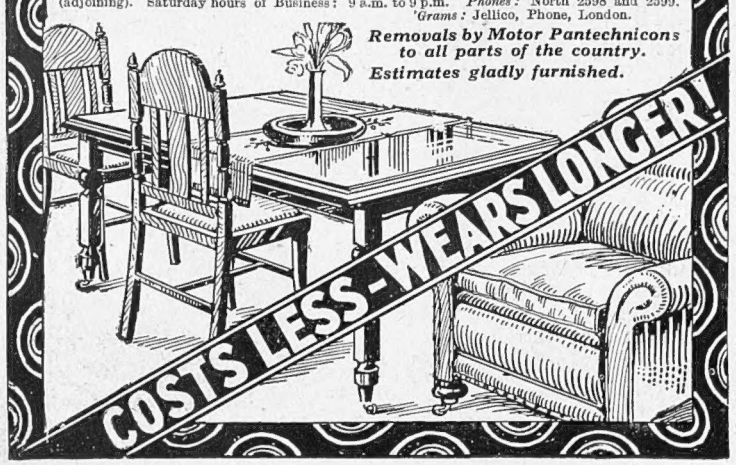

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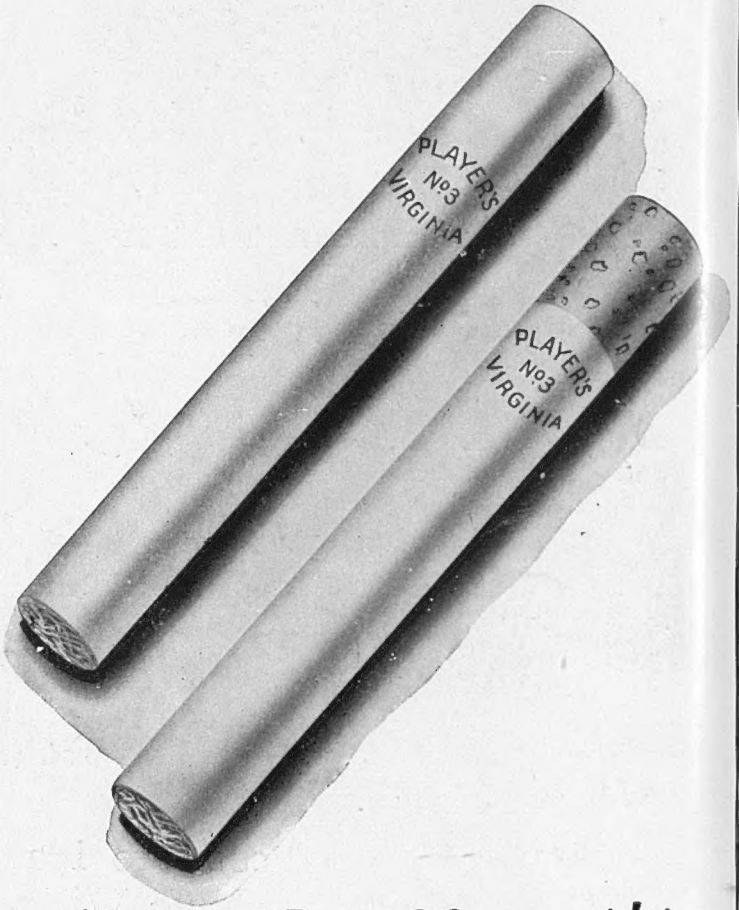

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The Bystander, June 20, 1928 No. 1279. Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY H. JOHN PEARSON

THE GOLDEN AGE

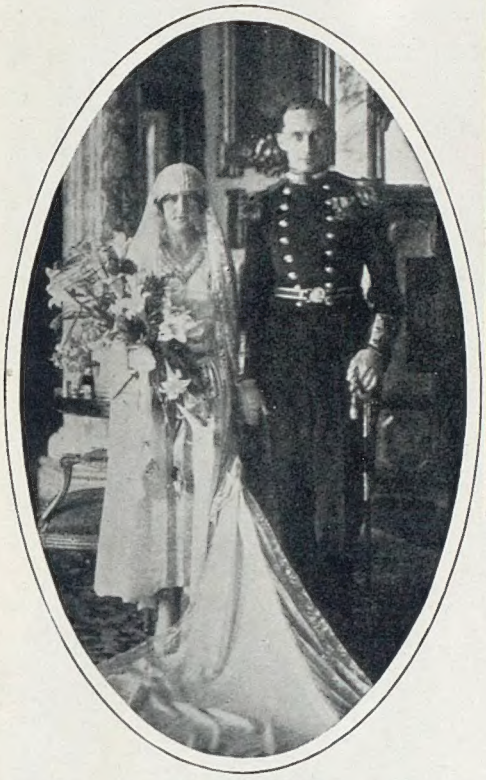
Specially painted for "The Bystander" by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE GAY PAGEANTRY OF ROYAL ASCOT

Of all the race meetings held during the year Royal Ascot takes undisputed pride of place, for not only is it the greatest social sporting event of the Season, but also affords excellent sport under ideal conditions. The sparkle and colour of the fashionable crowd gathered round the Royal Box are vividly conveyed in the above picture

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



IN SCOTLAND *Lafayette*

The Hon. James Bertie, R.N., youngest son of the late Earl of Abingdon, and his bride, Lady Jean Crichton-Stuart, second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute. The wedding took place in the Private Chapel at Mount Stuart, the Bute family residence on the Isle of Bute

G.P.U.

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Sir John Carew Pole photographed with his bride, Miss Cynthia Burns, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns, of North Mymms Park, Hatfield. Sir John, who is the twelfth Baronet, is in the Coldstream Guards

THREE WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

A Busy Week

THE week before Ascot is always the busiest time of the Season. This year it seemed fuller of doings than ever, opening with the Royal Caledonian Ball. Then came the Theatrical Garden Party, the two Courts, the Masque at Ham House, and other charity entertainments galore, not to speak of a long list of private entertainments, an important one of which was Lady Clarendon's Garden Party at Pitt House, Hampstead, for visitors from the Dominions.

It was likewise a week of weddings, the friends of brides and bridegrooms being kept busy going from one church to another. On Tuesday some people had to put in an appearance at two receptions, since Sir John Carew Pole and Miss Cynthia Burns, and the Duke of Gloucester's equerry, Captain Howard Kerr, and Miss Cynthia Ram were married on that day. Princess Victoria attended the Carew Pole wedding, and the Duke of Gloucester was present at the Oratory for the marriage of his equerry. On the previous day Dame Clara Butt-Rumford and Mr. Kennerley Rumford's daughter was married to Major Claude Cross, and Lord Bolton's only son and heir, the Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett, to Miss Victoria Villiers.

The Caledonian Ball

NOW that we no longer have Court Balls there is nothing to compare in brilliance with the Caledonian Ball. It is a dazzling spectacle, with uniforms of every variety, and the rule that ordinary evening coats must have coloured cuffs and collar

AT THE RECEPTION *Bassano*

Major Claude Cross, I.M.S. (ret.), and his bride, Miss Joy Kennerley Rumford, only daughter of Mr. Kennerley Rumford and Dame Clara Butt-Rumford, photographed after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, last week. Major Cross is the son of the late Dr. John Cross and Mrs. John Cross

gives that sombre garment an unaccustomed brightness. This year the big rooms at the Hotel Cecil were more crowded than ever, and there was not a vacant chair on the daïs, where the be-tiared patronesses sit to watch the dancing. I wonder some artist has not painted a picture of this outstanding event of the London Season. But

I expect it would take half a lifetime to get the correct details of the endless uniforms and the proper colours of the men's kilts and the ladies' tartan scarves.

I noticed one lady there wearing a silver wig and hope the fashion won't become universal.

The Prince's Clubs

THE PRINCE OF WALES has little leisure in which to go to clubs, but, although he is already a member of six—the Marlborough, Guards', Bachelors', Bath, Royal Automobile, and Savage—he has just joined the Union, one of the oldest clubs owned by its members in London.

Photopress

LADY MARY GROSVENOR

Who cut a business-like figure at the Show at Ranelagh Club. She won first prize for Hunters

Formerly the Union Club was in Trafalgar Square in a building which was taken down to make way for the present Canada House. Now the club is in Carlton House Terrace, in a house opposite the German Embassy which belonged to the late Lord Ridley and upon which he spent a large sum of money, a black marble staircase costing a considerable amount.

The Duke of York belongs to five clubs, the Marlborough, Bath, Naval and Military, Bachelors', and White's.

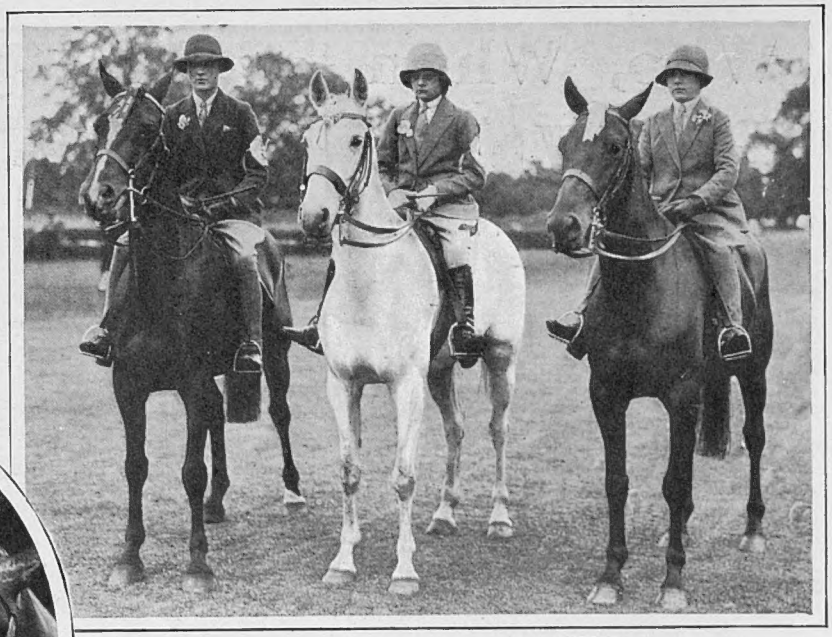
Prince George's Comptroller

MAJOR ULICK ALEXANDER, who has just been appointed Comptroller to Prince George by the King, I hear was recommended for the post by the Earl of Athlone, to whom he was Comptroller for over a year. Illness obliged him to return to England, and although the post in South Africa was kept open for him, he was obliged to resign. Now Major Alexander has entirely recovered his health. He has been a King's Messenger and an aide-de-camp to the Sirdar.

Fires at Dances

THE unseasonable weather must be held accountable for the fire at Mrs. Bower Ismay's house in Bruton Street, which broke out during a dance she was giving for her daughter. The evening was so chilly that an oil-stove was placed in a temporary supper-room built out at the back of the house. By some mischance the stove was upset, and in a few moments the temporary annexe was alight, the flames rising to a great height at the back of the house, cracking all the windows and scorching the woodwork. Lord Islington's windows next door also suffered.

I don't remember anything of this kind happening in London since precisely the same disaster occurred at the house Sir Lionel Phillips then had at the corner of Grosvenor Square and South Audley Street. There a supper-room annexe went up in fire and flame through the short-circuiting of



G.P.U.

A PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNERS

The first three in the Children's Class at the Horse and Polo Pony Show at Ranelagh Club line up for the camera. They are Miss Betty Langston on Who's Who (left) 1st, Miss Jackie Hance on Silver Thread, 2nd, and Miss Peggy Dennis on Mayfly, 3rd

Brit. Illus.

FATHER AND SON

The Earl of Sandwich with his son, Viscount Hinchingbrooke, at the Huntingdon Show. Lord Hinchingbrooke came of age last year

Brit. Illus.

AT THE ST. IVES SHOW

Miss Kelly Dickins with her Hunter at the Huntingdon Agricultural Society's Show at St. Ives. She was among the prizewinners

W. H. Keyte

THE PAGEANTRY OF OLDEN DAYS

A picturesque photograph of the recent Masque held at Ham House, lent by the Earl of Dysart, in aid of the National Library of the Blind. King Charles (Mr. Tom Heslewood) is seen here applauding the youthful fire of the Hon. William Tollemache (Miss L. Hope-Nicholson). In the left foreground, holding some flowers, is seen the Queen (Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise), and in the right foreground the Countess of Dysart (Lady Olga Montagu) and Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson (Mrs. W. Hope-Nicholson)

electric light wires. But that happened whilst the family were at dinner, and the guests arrived to find hosepipes all along the street, policemen and firemen round the front door —and no party!

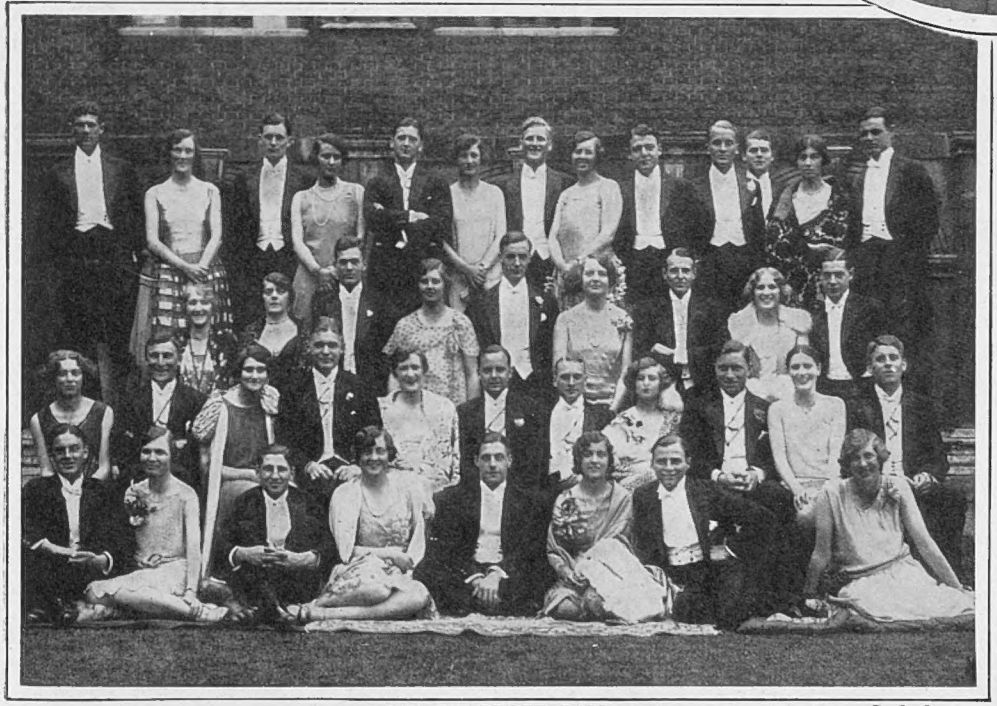
The South London Hospital

You will remember that an appeal was made some time ago for funds for a new out-patient department at the South London Hospital for Women on Clapham Common. Next Wednesday the foundation stone of this much-needed department will be laid by Lady Yarrow at an anniversary festival of the hospital presided over by Annie Viscountess Cowdray. The hospital does splendid service for women in a poor and crowded district, and as there will be many attractions, those of you who are interested in the institution and those who would like to be interested, should bear the date in mind—June 27. The hospital will be open for inspection during the fête.

W. H. Keyte

AT HAM HOUSE

The Countess of Dysart's children, as played in the recent Masque held at Ham House. Lady Elizabeth Tollemache (Miss Nefertari Bethell) the Hon. William Tollemache (Miss Lauretta Hope-Nicholson), and the Lady Ann Tollemache (Miss Ann Pritchard). An interlude was written by Mr. Frank Hird



R. S. Crisp

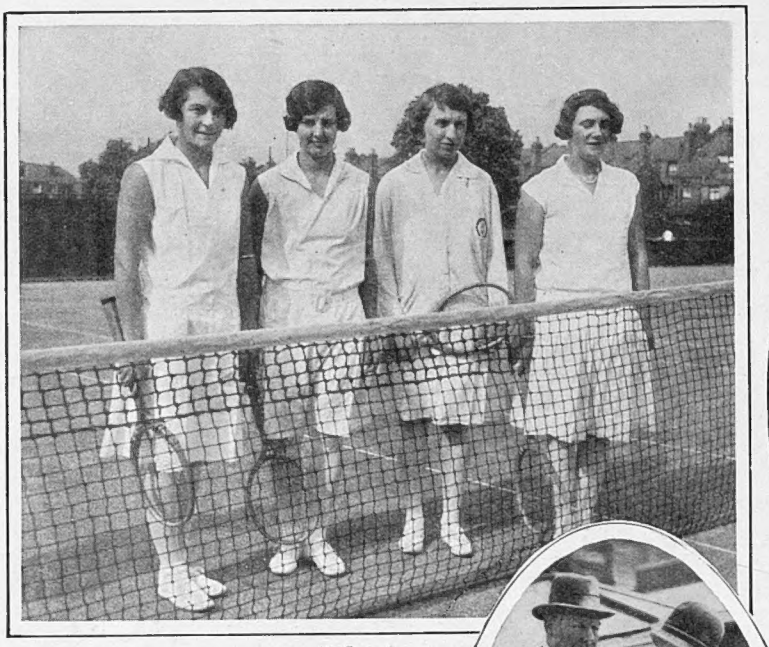
THE PEMBROKE BALL

The Ball Stewards and their friends at the recent Pembroke College, Cambridge, Ball

BACK ROW (*left*): S. A. Block, Miss Hicks, C. S. Harcourt, Miss Dawson, T. C. Livingstone-Learmonth, Miss J. Ivory, D. S. D. Fraser, Miss B. Livingstone-Learmonth, S. J. Collins, R. E. Forester, F. H. C. Wachtmeister, Miss E. Potts, C. J. Cooper. 2ND ROW (*left*): Mrs. John Howell, Mrs. Ainsworth Barr, E. J. Ivory, Miss M. V. Livingstone-Learmonth, J. N. McClean, Miss Myra Manningham-Buller, A. C. L. Wills, Miss Bowler, A. Arnold. SITTING (*left*): Miss B. Cooper, D. Crichton-Miller, Miss Comber, F. H. Waters, Miss Howell, B. A. Barr (Ball Hon. Sec.), H. P. Bowler, Miss P. Rose, M. B. S. Bower, Miss E. Yeatman-Biggs, A. K. Monro. FRONT ROW (*left*): John Potts, Miss Betty Shuter, J. P. Singer, Miss M. Caine, John Howell, Miss E. Chaytor, J. B. Altham, Miss M. Lawson

The New Lord Great Chamberlain

The death of the Marquess of Lincolnshire brings the office of Lord Great Chamberlain to the Marquess of Cholmondeley. It would take too long to explain



D. Stuart

FROM "DOWN UNDER"

The Australian Ladies' Lawn Tennis team photographed at Beckenham. The group shows Miss L. Bickerton (left), Mrs. O'Hara Wood, Miss E. Boyd and Miss D. Akhurst

Keystone

AT WALTON HEATH

Lady Headfort (left), the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and Miss Stanhope. The photograph was taken during the "Lords" versus "Commons" match of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association

Alfieri

LORD LONSDALE AND LADY CARNARVON

Two photographs taken in the Paddock at Newbury during the recent Summer Meeting

Alfieri

LADY BRECKNOCK AND COLONEL S. ASHTON

how this came about, but each family has equal rights to the office by descent. A great many years ago the rival claims threatened much unpleasantness, until some brilliant person suggested that the two families should take the duties of Lord Great Chamberlain of England turn and turn about.

Thus the late Lord Cholmondeley was Lord Great Chamberlain during the reign of King Edward, and Lord Lincolnshire Lord Great Chamberlain during the present reign.

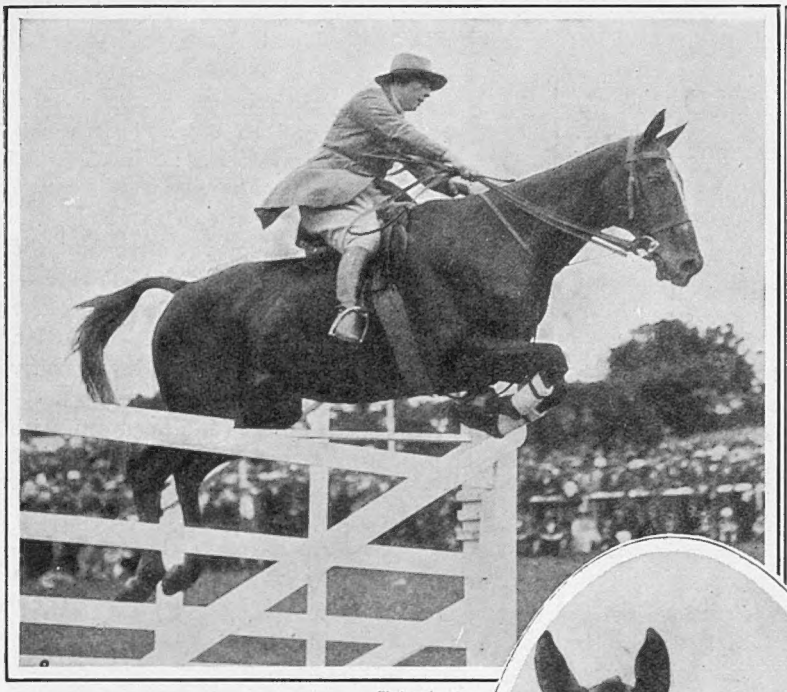
The Lord Great Chamberlain only comes into actual office for a Coronation. Then he does for Westminster Abbey all that the Lord Chamberlain does for Court functions. He also has charge of all the arrangements in the House of Lords for the opening of Parliament, and is then in attendance on the King.

The Masque at Ham House

No other house in England could provide a more perfect Carolean setting than Ham House. When, at the Masque last Wednesday, Charles II, with Catharine of Braganza, followed by their Court, came out of the great doorway and streamed down the steps to the lower terrace it was all so realistic—house and

IN THE NORTH *Ian Smith*

A photograph taken near the course at St. Andrew's, showing a group of lady players. They were competitors in the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championship, which as usual drew a large number of entries this year from the ranks of the leading players



Topical

"UP AND OVER"

Miss Sylvia Spooner photographed taking a jump on Chang at the Royal Cornwall Show. This was held recently at Bodmin

Keystone

AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

Miss Diana Clarke, the daughter of Lady Eileen Clarke, photographed at the Richmond Horse Show. She was the youngest competitor in her Class, and she is seen here with Beau Geste

Central Press

BEFORE THE EVENT

Miss Judy Forward photographed at the Richmond Royal Horse Show. She is seen here with Lady Hunloke's Jazz. This year there was the largest entry on record

dresses—that one felt one was watching an actuality. Those who took part in the Masque were without exception all that even the most exacting among the large audience could possibly demand.

Mr. Tom Heslewood was uncannily like Charles II. Every gesture and action on his part suggested the Merry Monarch to the life, and his appearance was veritably a masterpiece of make-up; and Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise was stately and gracious as Catharine of Braganza, and Lady Olga Montagu as the Countess of Dysart who entertained Charles and Catharine at Ham House in 1671, an imposing hostess. Three children, Miss Lauretta Hope-Nicholson, Miss Nefertari Bethell, and Miss Ann Pritchard, danced a gaillard delightfully.

The grouping of the Royal party as they watched Ben Jonson's Masque of "The Gipsies Metamorphosed" reminded one of a Lely picture. The Queen's ladies all might have stepped from the frames in the gallery in the house, so absolutely in keeping were they with the atmosphere created in the wonderful setting in those historic grounds. They were Mrs. Hope-Nicholson, Lady Mary Amherst, Lady Newborough, the Hon. Nancy Pearson, the Hon. Sella Wynn, and Mrs. Owain Greaves, the last the heiress to the earldom of Dysart.

A Regimental Dinner

THE annual dinner of the Indian Cavalry took place at the Hotel Victoria on June 7. Lieut.-General Sir George Richardson, the *doyen* of the branch, presided, and the Earl of Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, was the guest of the evening.

One hundred and three officers, representatives—past and present—of eighteen regiments, sat down, among whom were the following: Generals Sir Malcolm Grover, Sir Havelock Hudson, Sir George Barrow, Lieut.-General Sir Raleigh Egerton, Major-Generals Sir George Younghusband, Sir R. Macwatt, J. Turner, F. Angelo, M. Cowper, J. Stewart, J. A. Douglas, C. Pirie, L. Jones, Brig.-Generals L. Maxwell, M. Willoughby, S. Crocker, R. Ricketts, E. Cole, H. Roberts, W. Fasken, C. Harbord, C. Macquoid, L. Beatty, F. Lance.

POLO IN FRANCE *P. and A.*

Baroness Bousetten photographed presenting cups to Mr. F. de Heller, M. Couturie, Mr. Besary and M. Rosenthal after the recent polo games in Paris. They took place at the Bagatelle—Bois de Boulogne

Armies of Our Dreams

THE TATTOO AT ALDERSHOT

By PENDARVES

FOUR thousand men are hidden in those Aldershot woods. Ghosts will presently stalk out of that gloom: the ghosts of our dreams. The sort of dreams most of us have dreamt, as children, as boys, as men. Dreams of chivalry and forlorn hopes led doughtily, and victory and honour. The great things of which we do not prate, but secrete in our hearts and minds: the things, in fact, that England has achieved in the old dead days.

Purring in our cars along the roads, flanked with the lush midsummer foliage, from our Ascot house-parties, our Piccadilly restaurants, towards this Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, the drama and the pageantry of the matter have not touched us yet: for we are light-hearted, white-shirt-fronted, serene; and the mid-summer evening is yet full of light—and laughter. But as the dusk falls in layers over the sky the great green stage becomes set and ready: tremendous events are toward. We somehow feel it as the darkness falls—and the dream opens.

"Tattoo": "Taptoo": "Taptoe." So the word came like that, did it? Odd—rather nice. . . . And here come the first ghosts, the dream-men, tapping the toe in the stately, dignified measure of the sixteen-nineties: soldiers of an age when everything was slow and graceful—and sure. Old Guards in lemon and scarlet and powder-blue moving out of the deep dark into the white light that turns the night of their arena into vivid day. Beautifully white went they into battle: how martial and magnificent they look: how poised and perfect their bearing. Old-time bugle calls are answered faintly, mere echoes from the dank recesses of the past. Out of the woods come scene after scene of soldiery such as England once knew and has never forgotten: and of which it is intensely proud.

Blackness all about us again: for the dream has moved to other spheres, as dreams do, suddenly, incoherently. . . . A British square, formed against charging horsemen. The cavalry of other days charges: the British square remains inviolate: men die, but the square stands fast. By now the dreams of arms and men have enveloped us completely. In the dim recesses of the seats beyond those arcs of light a whole world of people sits very still: rapt, fascinated, utterly absorbed—men, women, children. Everything is forgotten: the huge stage is alive with light and gorgeous coloured movement: scene follows tense scene. It is all so big and dark and mysterious: with the background of those shadowy woods, from which emerge spectres of the fighting men of all the centuries. . . .

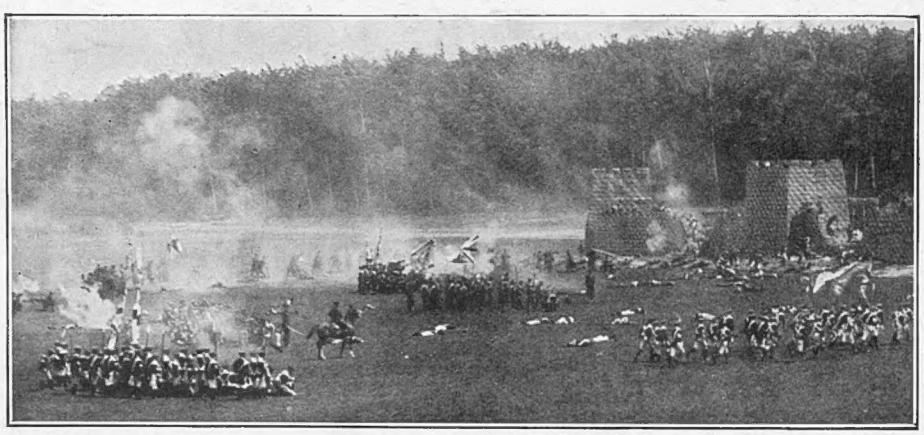
Round the corner of darkness moves anon into the daylight of hunting morning a pack of hounds—Wellington's Hounds! 1812. There is the Iron Duke himself, and all his brilliant Peninsular Staff: and a few French officers, our enemies, but our brothers for the day, because a fox is abroad!

Here now is Badajoz, the Spanish frontier town, with the French flag flying provocatively in the breeze. And the British troops, pictorially perfect, moving forward to that awful assault and those terrible deaths. The whole grim battle is fought anew before our entranced eyes. Guns bark, men move forward and die as they move. . . .

But the most eerie picture of all comes now. Another silence: another dense darkness: a pause. And from the shadows and the void appear very quietly, very slowly, very gracefully some wraith-like figures. Indisguishable as yet—we have stirred in our sleep. But we can see an old mullioned castle: hear an organ thrumming softly: voices sing gently in the distance: a bell chiming in a muffled sort of way. The world goes back eight hundred years. For the woods have revealed their men. They move before us just as they were: on their horses. Knights, Bannerets and Squires. Crests flash embroidered on their surcoats: fighting emblems glitter on their shields: their ladies' scarves flutter from their lances. Men of Ivanhoe, the Talisman, the Holy Grail—Crusaders all. *Look!* There is Richard—the King: the Lion-Hearted man! In the midst of them, all in white, with the crown upon his brow. Statuesquely they sit upon their horses while the voices of England's people chant them to victory in the dim distances. Presently moves towards them slowly over the green sward a Bishop praying for the peace of their souls, blessing them: and the acolytes swing censers, followed by the choir, the pilgrims, and the multi-coloured crowd.

Richard Cœur de Lion, sitting his charger regally alone, exhorts his Knights to ardour. Then athwart the sky glow the minarets and domes of Jerusalem, all golden and glorious—their goal. And in the deeper sky, higher, far away, gleams suddenly the Cross—their stay: towards which sword-hilts are raised in mailed hands and vizored heads are bowed. . . .

Bands play. Searchlight beams stroke the sky. Women clap emotionally. Men cheer hoarsely. We wake. The dream is at an end. And through the jet-black mid-summer night our cars purr us away, white-shirt-fronted, very grateful. For we have seen a splendid vision: and dreamed a lovely dream.



Sport and General

THE ASSAULT ON BADAJOZ

One of the most striking incidents in the Aldershot Tattoo is the episode which shows how the British Troops under the Duke of Wellington carried the vitally important fortress of Badajoz. This episode of the Peninsular War is reproduced with vivid realism

Recipients of the Royal Command

Some of those who made their curtsy to Majesty at the last two Courts of the Season

Hay Wrightson

COMTESSE CHARLES DU BOURG
Who was presented by Mme. de Fleuriau

Lafayette

MISS VERONICA HAVELOCK GROVES
Who was presented by her mother

Lafayette

MISS CYNTHIA MAHONEY
Her aunt, Lady Murison, presented her

I.B.

DONNA MYRIAN POTENZIANI
With her father, Prince Potenziani, the Governor of Rome

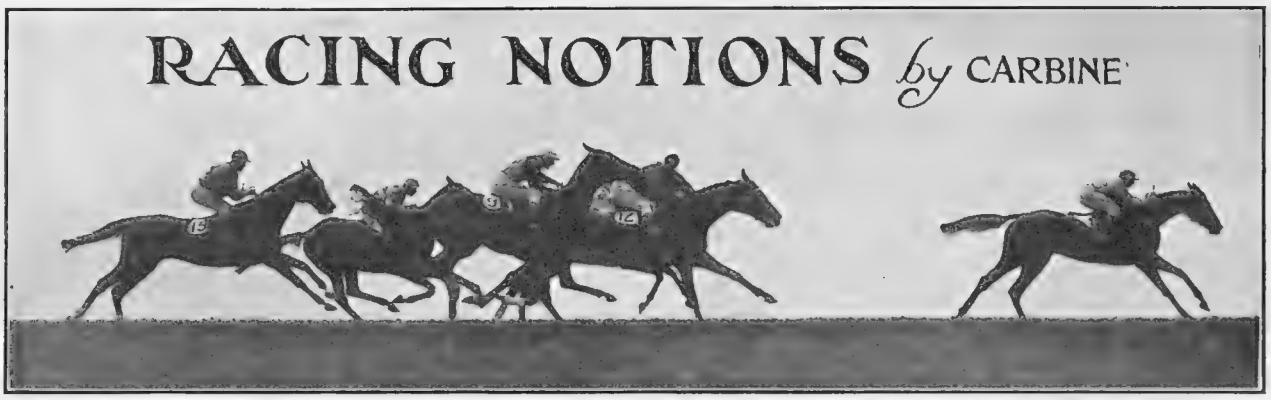
Lafayette

MISS H. BOURKE
She was presented by Mrs. Morton Smart

Lafayette

MRS. RUSSELL WEBSTER
Who was presented by Lady Newton

RACING NOTIONS by CARBINE



THE POETRY OF MOTION *L.N.A.*

A striking camera silhouette from the Lewes Meeting. It shows the running of the Beacon Selling Handicap, which was won by Plumbago

Royal Hunt Cup

By the time these lines are in print the first stage of the Ascot Meeting will have been completed. There will be plenty of knotty problems for backers on Wednesday, including the Royal Hunt Cup. As soon as I saw the weights for this race it struck me that Priory Park had been favourably treated. The course is one which suits him to a nicety, and he is probably a better horse now than at any other stage of his career. I expect the Manton people will have a certain amount of confidence in Eagle Rock, who is not at all badly handicapped. The horses they chiefly fear are Delius and Insight II. I am not altogether certain that Eagle Rock is always to be depended on to do his best. He let his backers down very badly at York, only to pop up most unexpectedly a week later at Manchester. If he is in the right mood I daresay he will give a very good account of himself in the Hunt Cup, but I propose to make **Priory Park** my star selection for the race.

Ascot Attractions

On the same afternoon we have the Coronation Stakes, in which Scuttle and Toboggan can fight their Epsom battle over again, while Flegère, third to them in the Oaks, will meet them at an advantage in the weights. I am sorry to learn that Jurisdiction strained a tendon at Epsom, so she may not be seen out this week. I look to **Toboggan** to repeat her recent success. It is rather disappointing that we shall see neither Felstead nor Fairway at the Royal meeting. **Black Watch,** third in the Derby, looks on that form to have a first-rate chance of carrying off the King Edward VII Stakes, formerly known as the Ascot Derby. At the end of the day the Fern Hill Stakes will bring out some of the smartest sprinters in training. I have formed a sufficiently high opinion of **Doch-an-Doris,** and expect him to score here.

Cup Day

The glories of this most wonderful of all race meetings reach their zenith on the day of the Gold Cup. This coveted trophy is likely to produce a race of immense international interest. Our neighbours in France almost invariably send a few good stayers for the Gold Cup, and the decision not to run Book Law appears partly to clear the way for them. Apparently the best of the English-trained lot is Finglas. If he wins it will be partly a French triumph, because he was bred on the other side of the Channel and belongs to M. E. de St. Alary. I expect the best of the foreign competitors for the race will be **Nino II.** He has proved himself to be an exceptionally fine stayer in his own country, and I predict his success. Finglas is my second string for the race.

W. A. Rouch

PRIORY PARK

"Carbine's" selection for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot

Picking the Winners

When we come to the third day of the meeting we reach a stage on which it is difficult to write several days in advance. A great many horses are engaged in three or four races at the meeting, and naturally their owners pick the events in which they seem likely to have the easiest tasks. The Rous Memorial Stakes may be won by **Dark Fire,** a colt who impressed me considerably when I saw him prevail at Manchester recently. He should be noted in any race he competes for this week. No doubt we shall see some smart newcomers in the field for the New Stakes. It will, however, take something out of the ordinary to beat **Empire Builder,** who was desperately unlucky to have been beaten in the Woodcote at Epsom, and is likely to make amends here. The Ribblesdale Stakes may be won for Lord Howard de Walden by **Siegfried,** who on making his first public appearance was only beaten in the last stride for a big race at Manchester a few weeks ago.

The Fourth Day

There is no such thing as an "off day" at Ascot. Once again the sport on Friday looks like being just as attractive as that on the other days of the meeting. The Hardwicke Stakes is one of the historic events of the week. I have already referred to Black Watch as a likely winner of an early engagement, but if he appears here he should win. In his absence **Camelford** would be my choice. The Alexandra Stakes, the longest race regularly run on the flat in England, is likely to attract some French competitors, and I imagine **Bois Josselyn** will take a good deal of beating. The Wokingham Stakes invariably excites some of the biggest betting of the whole meeting. It is never easy to find the winner of this race, but I hope I shall do so in choosing **Yoho.**

"As Now Worn" at Ascot

BY "THE TOUT"

Some popular styles that will probably be seen and recognised when the mere males arrive in the enclosures at Ascot this week

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

What Did I Give You?

I HAVE never posed with conviction, either to myself or anyone else, as a successful prophet in the matter of horse racing. I might have told you that I had dreamed of J. W. H. T. Douglas as a schoolboy the night before the Derby and of myself lugeing, *i.e.*, tobogganing, at St. Moritz the night before the Oaks. I refrained, not so much because these statements would have been grossly untruthful, but because in this connection the horse, though a noble and beautiful animal, is not of supreme importance. So, again, I decline to mention the name of any winning animal at Ascot, and for the same reason.

What I Will Say Is . . .

I PROPHESY success this week for those attractive runners, Social Pageantry, Youth and Beauty, Gaiety, Fashion and Colour; in fact, for all that marks the zenith of a brilliant Season. And if you want what is, I believe, technically called a likely outsider, I will give you Gorgeous Weather. Perhaps *give* is not the right word. To speak truth, I cannot give you anything of the kind. But at any rate, at this solemn Festival of Silk Hats and Strawberries, I *hope* you will have what I wish you.

The Pleasures of Hope

AFTER all, most of our prophecies (right or wrong) are built not upon certitude but upon hope, and hope (said he, speaking with unction and absent-mindedly turning his collar back to front) is the most beautiful of the virtues. Hope springs eternal in even the pessimistic breast, because your pessimist, poor thing, hopes, even if he only hopes for the worst. Hope is a courageous and characteristically English virtue. When we are accused (falsely) of muddling through we are merely hoping. When Napoleon said that English soldiers were too stupid to run away, he simply did not know the peculiarly English virtue he was up against.

Holiday Hopes

LET us have a little community hoping. The more we hope together (within reason) the merrier we might conceivably be. Consider holidays. A cynic will tell you that holiday pleasures are entirely anticipatory. Well, supposing they are? The real thing, says the cynic, never comes up to your hopes, never resembles the glowing pictures you have imagined. Of course it doesn't; all the more reason why you should concentrate on the pleasures of anticipation. That motor tour in Cornwall; that week on the Broads—were they as good as hoped? Yes? Better? Ah, well, you didn't hope on a large enough scale.

Any More Oceans?

HAVE you any more oceans to be conquered? The long-distance airmen must be looking round with some anxiety for one more ocean to cross. The Atlantic is down and out. The Arctic has had to lower its flag—I assume the North Pole has a flag—to Sir George Wilkins. The Pacific has been put in its place. There is the Antarctic, of course. Probably Mr. Hinkler or Sir Alan Cobham will feel bored one evening and stroll off to settle the hash of the unoffending Antarctic. And then what? Will these fellows be satisfied? They will not be satisfied while any task involving coolness and skill and a gloriously impudent courage remains to be done. And England will be England still while England breeds men like that.

The Pioneers

WHEN we compare the way in which less than twenty years ago the tiniest flights were applauded with the comparatively cool manner in which we greet a gentleman who strolls across to Australia in just over a fortnight we must not smile a facile smile. In every science you must have your pioneers whose services, small as they may seem, were absolutely essential to progress at each stage.

The heroes of to-day's gigantic feats would be the first to honour those who were in at the beginning of things.

A Case in Point

For instance, an American once died and went to heaven. There is more in the story than that, however. Having lost his life in the great Mississippi floods and being an American, he proceeded, on reaching Paradise, to boast about the fact.

"I'll tell the world," he informed his new friends, "that the Mississippi floods were sure the jimdandiest, crackerjackest little old floods that ever happened."

His hearers listened to him with perfect courtesy, and no one appeared to doubt his assertion, except one old gentleman, whose expression seemed somewhat cantankerous.

"Who's That Guy?"

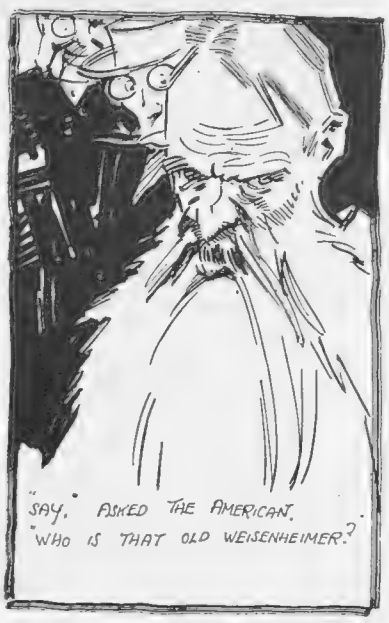
The old gentleman, who wore a long white beard and an air of disdain, was heard to mutter in his beard at intervals: "Mississippi floods? Pooh! Pish! Pshaw!"

"Say," asked the American, "who is that old Weisenheimer?"

"That," the angel informed him, "is Noah, and you've hurt his feelings." Which proves that, as I told you, we must honour the pioneers and be modest concerning our own achievements.

Better Babies

All the talk in the motoring world at the moment is of better, brighter and, if possible, smaller "babies." Some speak with delight of what may be termed a vast increase in the birth-rate. Others, in sombre and somewhat curmudgeonly mood, contemplate a gloomy future of England's high roads infested with mechanical insects, to the distress and inconvenience of honest, *bona-fide* motorists, meaning themselves.

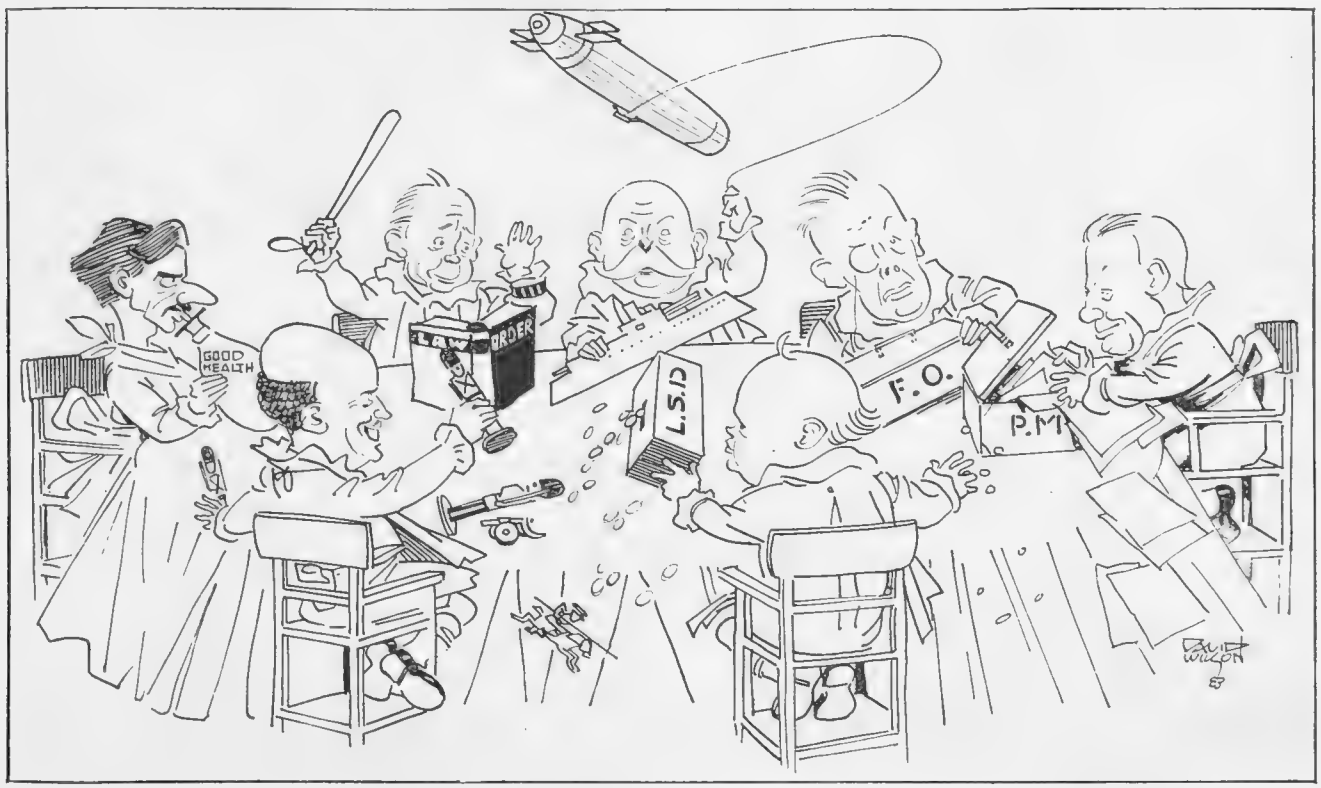


The Golden Mean

The truth about the future lies, as ever, along the golden mean, distant alike from comic optimism and absurd pessimism. I do not fear that the country will suddenly be flooded by convoys of four-horse soap-boxes with cardboard carburetters and brown paper wheels. Firms of established reputation will turn out, as they have always done, vehicles of progressive excellence. The others will die the death.

About Lawn Tennis

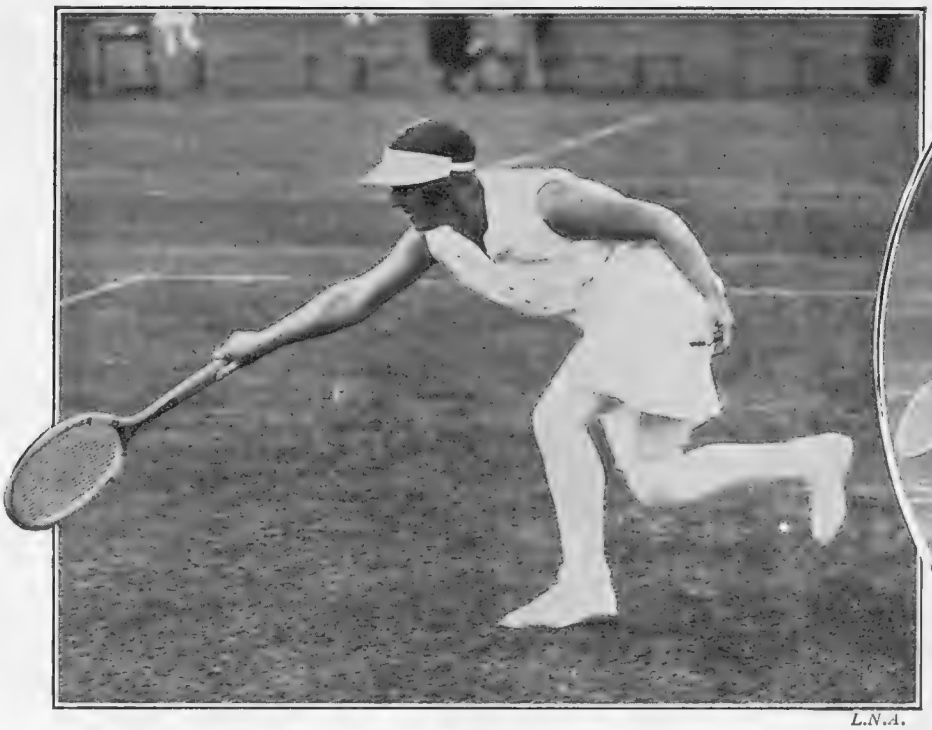
The Championships start at Wimbledon on Monday next, and on Wednesday, June 27, The Bystander will pay due respect to the most popular of summer sports in a special Lawn Tennis Number. In addition to all the usual weekly features, this number will contain many pages devoted to the game. Among those who have contributed specially to this number are H. S. Scrivener, F. R. Burrow (who referees the Championships), and Mrs. Phyllis Satterthwaite; and the first of a new series of portraits, "Tennis Stars in Action," will be included. Printed in full colour, they are from the brush of H. Coller, the artist of our popular series of Rugger players. He has taken Miss Eileen Bennett as his first subject.



By David Wilson

IF "NO. 10" CALLED IN VORONOFF!

Lawn Tennis at Beckenham



L.N.A.

MRS. E. A. BEAMISH MAKES A DEFENSIVE STROKE

Alfieri

MISS THOMPSON PLAYING AGAINST SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ

The Kent Championships at Beckenham attracted as distinguished an entry as ever. Miss Ryan, Miss Daphne Akhurst, Miss Sterry, Miss Elsie Goldsack. Mrs. O'Hara Wood, Miss Boyd, Señorita de Alvarez and Miss M. U. Chamberlain were the last eight in the Women's Singles

Alfieri

MISS STERRY COMES ACROSS TO A SWIFT ONE

Special Press

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ TAKING A LOW BALL

Topical

MISS M. RICHARDSON IN AN ACTIVE MOMENT

Fair Wightman Cup Warriors at Wimbledon

Photopress

THE AMERICAN TEAM

Mrs. Mallory (left), Miss E. Goss, Miss H. Jacobs Miss P. Anderson and Miss Helen Wills

The annual battle for the Wightman Cup, which is fought for by teams of ladies representing America and England, took place at Wimbledon at the end of last week. It was decided by the playing of five singles matches and two doubles, and the first match was that in which Miss Bennett faced Mrs. Mallory

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

L.N.A.

Photographs

MISS E. H. HARVEY

Who captained the English side this year

L.N.A.

MISS BETTY NUTHALL

The youngest player in either team, photographed at practice

VARSITY NOTES

A FINE ALL-ROUNDER

H. M. Garland-Wells, one of the mainstays of the Oxford XI. His century against the Free Foresters was all the more notable owing to his good bowling in the same match

OXFORD

I WRITE, my dear Bystanders, from the building which we know as the Examination Schools. It looks like a German railway station, and in June of every year it is the scene of the ordeal by examiner. The daily ordeal is divided into two sessions. The first is from 9.30 till 12.30. An hour and a half is then allowed for the patients to recover. From 2 to 5 the process continues. And so on, to-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow. I can assure you that *Mary Dugan* is a tea-party by comparison. Particularly as in our case there is no sympathetic jury like the audience at the Queen's Theatre. With us the examiners are the judges as well. All of which makes it several degrees worse than the third. There are, in fact, four to which you may be allotted when the results appear in *The Times*.

I must now return to a consideration of my paper: "Estimate the influence of the Black Death upon the corruption and decline of the Middle Ages." That should be good for a page or two. But before I begin let me remind you of our recent athletic achievements, *i.e.*, Collins's tennis team proved to be much too good for us. They were billed as being drawn entirely from Scotland; and in any case we did not live against them. We certainly lived against Leicestershire at cricket, even though the result was a draw. Hill-Wood and Mackintosh gave us of their best. But McCanlis is still unable to be our captain, and Adam Crawley, on whose batting and fielding the whole team has admittedly been built, has equally admittedly not that spark of genius for captaincy which the ideal deputy should have. However, we have appointed six Blues, and here is Garland-Wells, who has just made 107 not out against the Free Foresters. Look carefully at him, so that you can spot him at Lord's. And now let us "estimate the influence of the Black Death upon the corruption and decline of the Middle Ages."

JINGO.

CAMBRIDGE

FOR a week after May Week life with me is cross, sleepy and rather yellow. May Week is so blatantly an attempt to live twenty-four hours a day, and I confess that I like my hard-earned rest. There are some loathsome people, of course, who can dance all night, and play tennis all day, and be spruce and dashing at the end of it. This, I understand, is the one peculiar accomplishment of the present generation. But here I, unfortunately, fail. After a bout of May Week I begin to feel like wet blotting-paper or an uncooked leg of mutton. And I ask, with a yawn, is it worth it? Ten years ago I felt the same about Christmas. On Boxing Day I loosened my Eton collar and sank with a bilious groan to the floor. Is it worth it? I would cry; and with that cry went all that fervour of philosophic melancholy that the morning after inspires. Life's just like that, isn't it?

By Mac

WELL UP THE POLE

The above heading is written in no derogatory spirit. It merely draws attention to the fact that L. T. Bond, the gentleman seen above, recently broke the Fenner's ground record for the Pole Jump with a clearance of 11 ft. 6 in.

The after-effects of May Week have been grievously increased by the habit of going out to breakfast after the Balls. In the May Weeks of our gay fathers they counted, I imagine, on getting to bed about five. Now one dances till nearly six, and then goes out to breakfast. It used to be merely Grantchester. Then came bigger and faster cars; one went to Newmarket. Now we come across men with large Bentleys who end their Balls by breakfasting at Huntingdon and Bedford. But the prize goes to a man I know who after the Clare Ball took his party up to London and breakfasted at the Corner House.

The breakfasts provide the sober burgesses of the town with what, I suppose, is their only glimpse of the Balls, crews of young men in no longer immaculate shirt-fronts and dishevelled young women with somewhat decomposing charms. But the last of the revelry is seen by the L.N.E.R. I travelled up by the afternoon train on Wednesday. In every compartment pale and jaded figures dozed uncomfortably in the corner seats. I was one of them; possibly the most jaded. The ticket collector looked into my compartment and smiled. I smiled back faintly and very wearily. He was a kind-hearted man, and he did not wake us up for our tickets.

RAB.

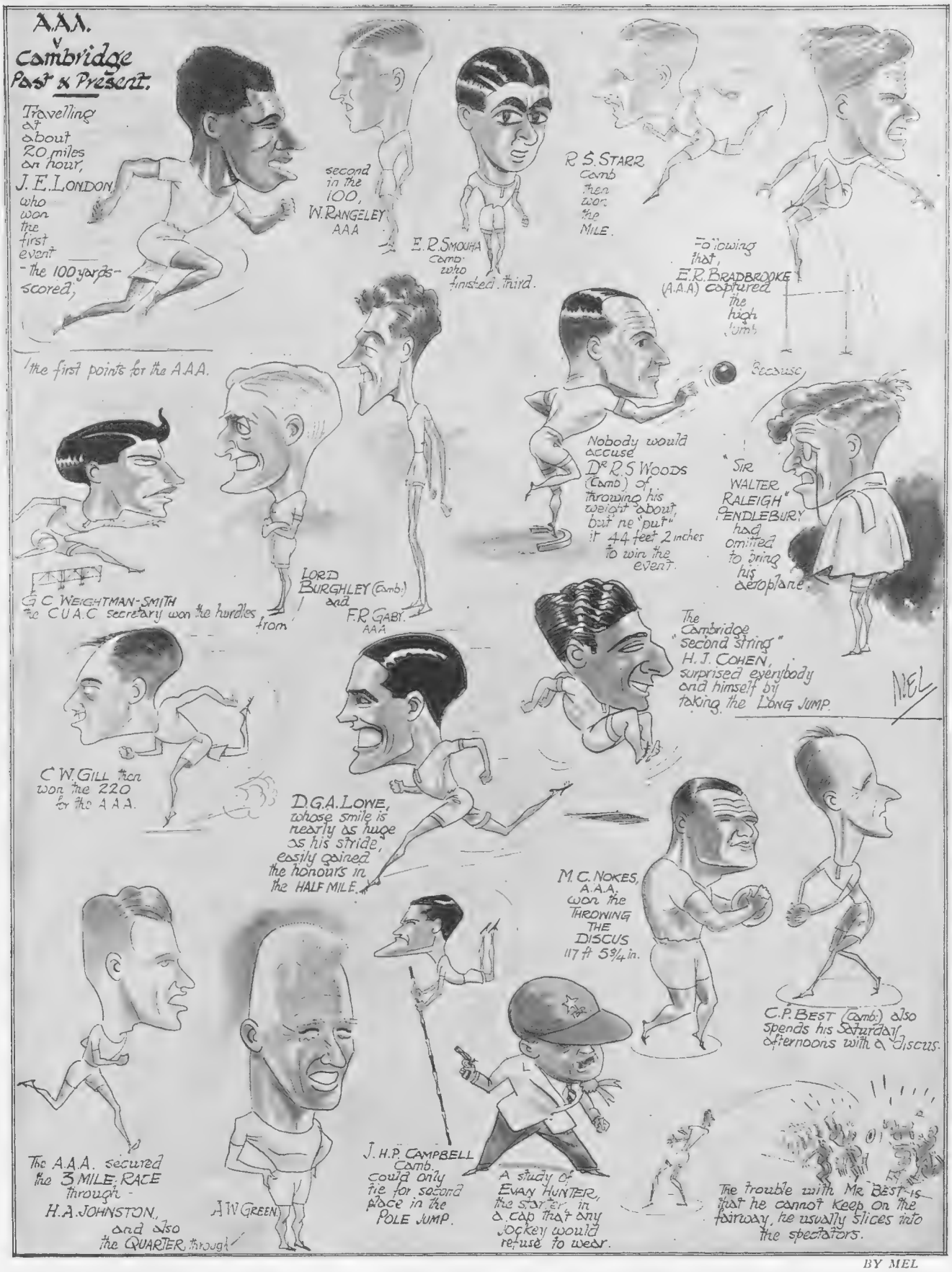
THE "OUDS" IN "THE CLOUDS"

Lovers of Aristophanes will be relieved to hear that it is not the intention of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, here seen in "The Clouds," to put on the play in modern dress. The photograph shows a rehearsal of the Greek play in progress in Balliol College Hall, under the direction of Mr. Cyril Bailey, seen, book in hand, on the left. The dresses and scenery have been specially designed by Professor R. Y. M. Gleadowe, and performances are taking place at the New Theatre, Oxford, until June 23

The Granta

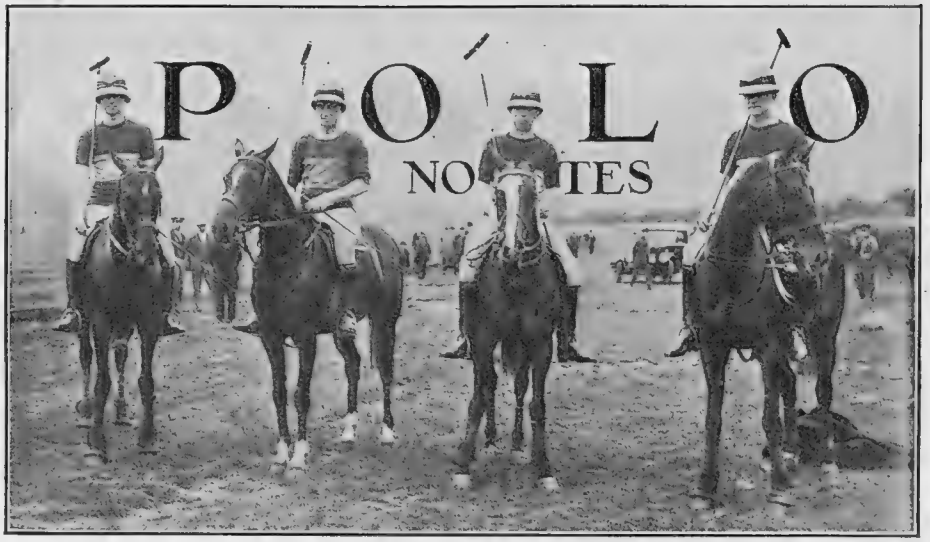
The May Week number of this journal is an example of quite brilliant fooling. From its witty prologue to its literary reviews it should command widespread interest.

A "Moving Spectacle" at Fenner's



BY MEL

A particularly large crowd assembled at Fenner's, Cambridge, to see the English A.A.A. team in its contest with Cambridge University Past and Present. D. G. A. Lowe shone in the Half Mile, and J. E. London, of the A.A.A., ran well in the "Hundred," winning in 10 seconds. The A.A.A. was finally victorious by 71½ points to 48½ points



POLO IN YORKSHIRE *Central News*

The Optimists Polo Team photographed at the York Polo Club's recent tournament at Knavesmire. Mr. J. D. G. Clayton, Capt. G. M. Hamer, Lt.-Col. F. B. Hurndall, and Capt. J. D. L. de Wend Fenton

A Ding-dong Struggle

I SHALL not readily forget the fine match we had in the semi-final stage of the Ranelagh Open Cup last week. The Hurricanes, who a day or two earlier had followed up other successes by easily carrying off the Roehampton Challenge Cup, were expected to have quite a simple task against the Cavaliers. If you had suggested there was the slightest chance of the latter's success you would have been laughed to scorn. Not only was there a difference of no fewer than eight goals on the handicap between the teams, but the Hurricanes were vastly the better mounted side. Yet in spite of all this we saw a real ding-dong struggle, and instead of winning by anything like the margin of their handicap, Mr. Sanford's team scrambled home with only two goals to the good.

A Change in the Game

THERE did not seem to be a dog's chance for the Cavaliers at the end of the second chukker. Up to that point the others had fairly made rings round them and the scoring board showed six goals to nothing in favour of the Hurricanes. Spectators settled themselves down to see the leaders pile up a big score, and people were saying to each other what a pity it was that no team in the country was capable of giving the Hurricanes a decent match. Suddenly the game underwent a remarkable change. Possibly this was because the Hurricanes, carried away with the long lead which they had established, began to take things a bit too easily. The fourth chukker went decidedly in favour of the Cavaliers. They were only four goals behind at the end of it.

A Brilliant Back

THEY now began to play like men inspired. Major A. L. B. Anderson, who is home on leave from India, showed himself to be a player of really top class. He put in some magnificent work against the hot attack to which he was opposed, and his placing of the ball was distinctly artistic. After this exhibition I shall remember Major Anderson as a possible candidate for the International team we shall be sending to the United States in the season after next. Capt. Noel Scott-Robson, who has played for many teams this season, had been suddenly run into the Cavaliers' side in substitution for Mr. Humphrey Guinness, who was playing for his regiment on the same afternoon. He now covered himself with glory in this match. Scott-Robson was always putting in a lot of good work, and I have not seen him to better advantage for a long time. Mr. J. F. Sanderson, another Army player from India, was most effective at No. 2, while it was delightful to see Col. "Mouse" Tomkinson showing a glimpse of his old brilliance in the attack. The Cavaliers were out-ponied, but they were certainly not outplayed, and, although they lost the match, their effort was one which did them immense credit.

British Illus.

AT ROEHAMPTON

Lady Blanche Douglas and Miss Argood photographed watching the polo at Roehampton. Lady Blanche Douglas is the sister of the Duke of Beaufort

A Point for the Umpires

WING-COMMANDER P. K. WISE took an ugly-looking fall towards the end of the sixth chukker. He was knocked out for a time, but pluckily insisted on finishing the game. The accident occurred in a curious way. Three players converged in their rush for the ball, and Wise's pony was knocked completely off his legs. There was a good deal of discussion among the onlookers as to how the umpire would treat the incident. They agreed that a dangerous foul should be awarded against Capt. Roark, one of the victim's own side, and the Cavaliers scored a goal as the result of the penalty. While the circumstance was not entirely unique, the like has certainly seldom occurred at the London Clubs.

El Gordo in Form

LATER in the afternoon we saw a gruelling battle between El Gordo and Eastcott. The latter team were favourites at starting, but El Gordo had not shown their true form in earlier matches and now came right out of their shell. They hit the first three goals of the match, and won by a crushing margin. It was a most successful day at Ranelagh, for in addition to all this good polo we saw a remarkably fine show of ponies, hunters, harness horses, and hacks. In the polo pony section Mr. S. Sanford won two first prizes with Shamrock and Fairy Story. His best pony, None So Pretty, was found to be a little lame so the judges passed her over. Mr. Walter Buckmaster was one of the judges, and everybody was glad to see him in harness again in this capacity.

A. W. COATEN.

HE received this telegram:—"Your wife's mother is dead. Shall we bury, embalm, or cremate her?" Whereupon he replied: "Do all three; leave nothing to chance."

Miracles of Horsemanship

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Probably the most striking "turn" in the International Horse Show at Olympia is the exhibition by the Viennese Royal Riding School. For three hundred years this School has preserved the same curriculum, from which emanates the famous *Haute École* developed by the French at Saumur. This is the School's first appearance in England

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced June 5, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THE title of this very successful Musical Comedy suggests that a Good Girl is such a rare bird that she can be pointedly identified in a feminine crowd. That, however, is only a fanciful idea, and we are concerned here with stubborn facts. And the leading fact of this entertainment is the unqualified triumph of Mr. Jack Buchanan, to whose well-deserved popularity the audience pays overwhelming tribute. Indeed, his first appearance is greeted by a torrential ovation that must be the envy of many an electioneering statesman on the stump. Mr. Buchanan's playful humour is one of the chief delights of the production, and when, as happens here and there, he passes from mere humour to mordant wit, the audience is promptly surprised into an appreciative shriek of joy.

IN the story Mr. Buchanan is Bill Barrow, a lively young man about Town who is picturesquely penurious, and has the quite orthodox detestation of people who follow you about with bills and writs. As a fact, he is about to inherit a large sum of money provided certain tiresome preliminaries are carried out. For the moment he is at the mercy of his Aunt Helen, whom he has never seen; and he pictures the lady as a dreary old hag destined to be a horrid blot on his bright young life. It happens that Aunt Helen is represented by the very charming actress Miss Kate Cutler, and it is not until Bill has exhausted his vocabulary of disparagement to the lady herself that he realises his sinful and embarrassing error.

PART of the story concerns the love affair of Sunya Berata and Francis Moray, two of the stars of the Royal Opera (Miss Vera Pearce and Mr. Raymond Newell). It has long been an accepted axiom that the course of true love never did run smooth, and this case comes up to specification with a nice precision, so that we catch the young people from the start snapping and bickering as proof of the depth of their mutual affection. They continue the little wrangle in a tuneful duet which is a nice parody of the operatic manner, and gives an added quality to the excellent opening of the play. A little later Mr. Newell breaks out into a Marching Song on his own account, supported by the rhythmical movements of a dainty chorus on whom even the most discursively profane sergeant-major could hardly fail to smile approval. The song is a fine stirring effort that makes you want to stamp your feet

and keep in step, like the man in the street when he finds himself alongside a military band.

THEN there is Aunt Helen's niece Moya, daintily represented by Miss Maidie Andrews. It appears that Moya has reached the age of twenty-five and has never been kissed, and her parents and guardians consider that it is about time she made a start under the racing rules for the matrimonial stakes. Part of Bill's obligation to qualify for his inheritance is the job of finding a young man of distinction who will prove worthy of Moya's love. This enterprise seems to Bill an easy one. Sunya and Francis have quarrelled, and in his natural ignorance of the ways of capricious sweethearts he concludes that he now has the reversion of Francis for Moya. As to Francis's claim to unusual eminence, he is not only a famous baritone, but he has had his portrait published in the daily papers as a confirmed smoker of the cigarettes that do not blacken your character, or something of that sort.

BUT the plot, complete as it is, pales its ineffectual fires in comparison with Mr. Buchanan's laughable fooling and admirable dancing. In this he is ably seconded by Miss Elsie Randolph, who, like the statesman in the old doggerel, is everything by turns and nothing long. Miss Randolph first appears as a private detective, and quite early in the evening she sings a duet with Mr. Buchanan about "Fancy Our Meeting!" which is one of the gems of the production. In the Second Act these

"THE AZURE COAST *IS* SO BRACING" *Sasha*

A little display of *joie de vivre* by the Eight John Tiller Girls. Their dancing is one of the features of the show

two delightful performers surpass all previous records with their duet, "The One I'm Looking For," which is supplemented by an eccentric dance that sets the house positively whooping with joy. It is quite a brilliant outburst of happy nonsense.

S

THEN there are the exceptionally well-drilled ladies of the chorus, who remind one of the chap who, after looking through his engagement diary, found that he hadn't much on that evening. The young ladies throw themselves into their work as if it embodied the joy of living, and their enthusiasm is readily communicated to the appreciative audience. Also, there are the Eight Tiller Girls, who dance for the most part on one foot as if the second leg, with which Nature has thoughtfully endowed most of us, were for them merely a spare part to be used for treading the air. It is, I take it, a sign of progress that we should now be permitted to talk of ladies' legs so freely. We are far from the Victorian days when the legs even of pianos were solemnly draped in the sacred name of decorum. Indeed, it would seem as if the piano-legs of the future should be fitted with nubbly kneecaps in order to make their architecture complete.

S

AS is usual in nice musical comedies, some of the scenes take place under the blue skies and sunny air of the Riviera, which naturally convey more completely an atmosphere of comfortable wealth than would be the case if the seashore selected were that of Brighton or Margate. The final scene of the Ball Room of the Hotel Majestic positively engenders a feeling of personal prosperity, and as they say we should look in the theatre for something that is quite different from our everyday lives, the tonic effect of such a scene naturally has a value of its own.

The scenery, however, is, after all, only the frame to the picture, which is mainly occupied by Mr. Buchanan and Miss Randolph, who are so prominent in the foreground that they do not have to be marked in the usual way by an arrow or a cross. Miss Randolph, disguised as a German messenger-girl, is funny in herself before adding the supplementary humour of her song and dance; and her appearance in a costume chiefly noticeable for its homely sobriety provokes a shriek of laughter to begin with. Miss Kate Cutler as Aunt Helen gives us acting of a high quality that is unusual in musical comedy, and her light humour has a dainty touch that is very welcome. *That's a Good Girl* must be about the best musical comedy that has come to Town. It is gratifyingly complete as an all-round entertainment, and a feature that impresses me is the extraordinary efficiency of the stage management. The piece ought to run for years.

JINGLE.

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Mr. Harry Thaw apparently set out from New York to electrify London. His visit may be considered a frost, as the Thaw was not permitted to set in.

. . . . . .

A film illustrating the Lancashire weaving industry is to be shown. We suppose the heroine will cotton to the hero in five reels.

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know which is the saddest phrase in history. We suggest it is the dentist's dictum, "That one ought to come out!"

. . . . . .

And yet, perhaps, a still more perfectly poignant phrase is the nurse's narrative, "Please, sir, it's twins."

. . . . . .

It is reported that there is a great increase of female bandits in Chicago. The ladies in that city seem to have gone in for a permanent crime wave.

. . . . . .

Who wrote (and it wasn't Burns):
O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see some folk before they see us!

. . . . . .

Last week at a Norwich whist drive a housemaid held thirteen trumps. Once again, according to precedent, the good thing "came off in her hand."

. . . . . .

From a provincial paper:—"While negotiating a hairpin corner, Mr. Turtle tried to turn his car too abruptly." We are relieved to hear that the car didn't turn Turtle.

. . . . . .

In a chatty column a journalist states that Jules Verne described "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea." With the bathing season now in full swing we expect some gentleman on the beach with a camera will do better than that.

"Waiter, what is this vegetable?"

"Bubble and squeak, sir."

"Well, I can see the bubble, but I certainly can't hear any squeak."

. . . . . .

It appears that Dean Inge is wroth with Dr. Voronoff, the gland expert. The man of gloom seems to think that the doctor has been monkeying about with serious subjects.

. . . . . .

The two Oxford proctors recently fined the undergraduates who participated in a duel. An excellent example of duel control.

. . . . . .

"I thought your husband was to meet us at eight? It's half-past."

"Yes; but it's no good referring to my late husband."

"That woman has a voice like a file."

"Yes, she's a perpetual earache!"

. . . . . .

It is said that aviators are the least conceited of men. Yet they always appear to be looking down on us.

. . . . . .

A telephone operator, who is a medium, declares that beer is drunk in heaven. Is it possible that someone gave her the wrong number?

. . . . . .

"How will the Franchise Flappers vote?" asks a contemporary. Every wise son of Adam will wait till the Eve of the election.

. . . . . .

Last week a Mr. Castle married a Miss Battlement. The former has evidently taken the latter "for keeps."

. . . . . .

"Jests on beards," remarks a paragraphist, "are out of date." So are anecdotes that have whiskers on 'em.

. . . . . .

Answers to Correspondents

(*a*) No, Bobby, it was not an inhabitant of Worcester who discovered the sauce of the Amazon.

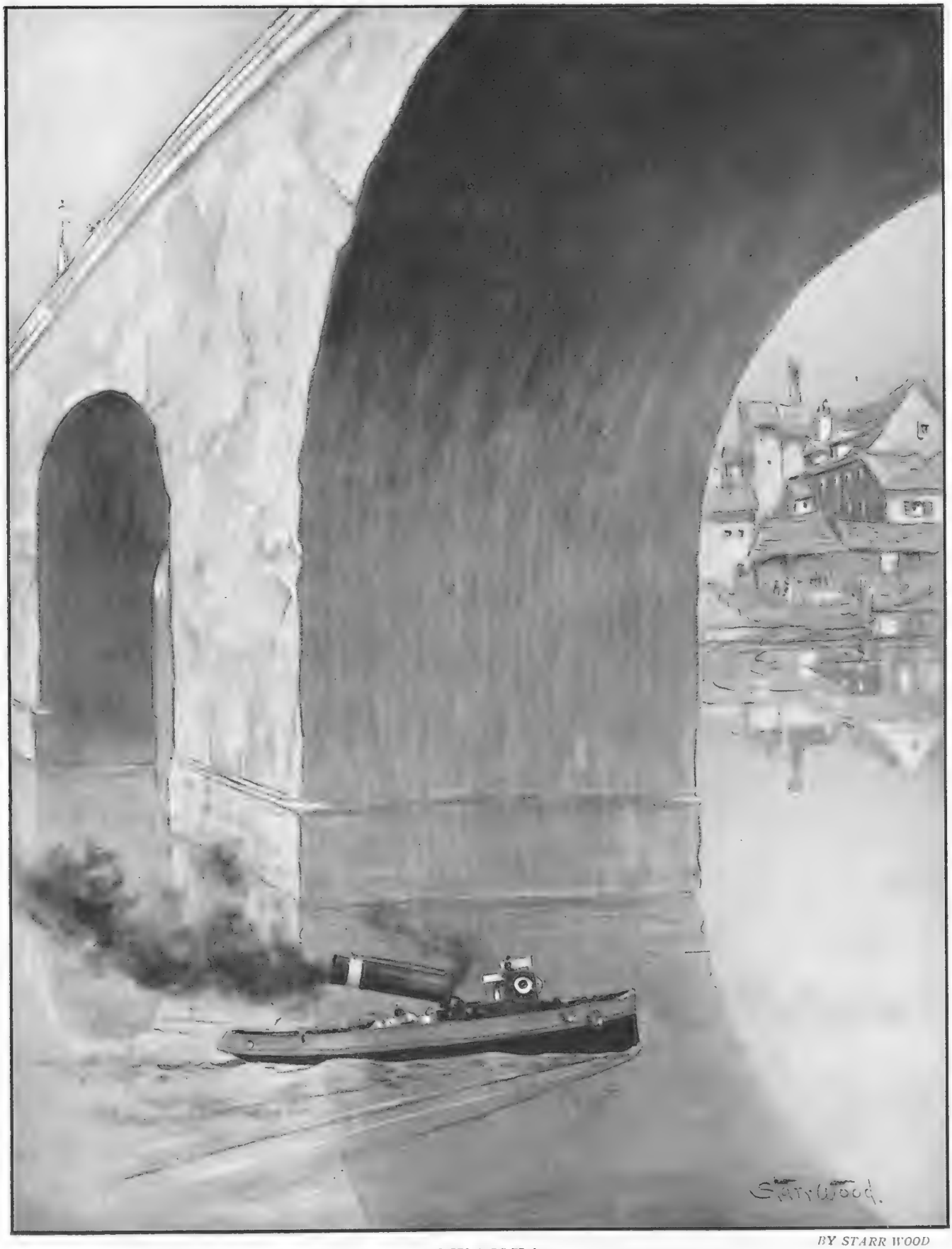
(*b*) Izaak Walton never described Euclid as the Compleat Angler.

(*c*) A refugee is not a man who keeps order at a football match.

By Graham Simmons

THE CROWNING INSULT

The Crank: "Do you mind walking with me when I'm not wearing a hat?"
The Girl: "I'd rather walk with you when you're not wearing a hat than walk with you when you're wearing the kind of hat you'd wear if you wore a hat!"



BY STARR WOOD

SWANK!

How clear and sparkling is Bass when poured out like this. Slowly! Holding the bottle steady. Bottle and glass—lip to lip. Letting the liquid gently trickle down the slope. Never tilting the bottle more than you see here. Isn't that Bass at its best and brightest?

BASS

as clear and sparkling as only Bass can be. Always pour Bass—

like this!

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. V—SANCTUARY IN SOMERSET

A GOLFING pilgrim of quite another type adventured with me into the unknown this time: a cool, placid person with few illusions left about himself, his golf or life. And in the sharp sunlight of a spring evening we arrived at Burnham-on-Sea. This place obtrudes a little upon the tolerance of mankind when it says it is " on sea." It could be more correctly described as being on the Bristol Channel, and the Bristol Channel is a very wide, land-locked place. However, you can get very excellent salt-water bathing, and that is presumably good enough for most seaside people. And one can't put " Burnham-on-the-Bristol Channel " on posters and things, so we will leave it at that; besides, Weston calls itself more grandiosely " Super-Mare," and she is even higher up this tremendous bay, so we mustn't grumble; there is no need.

Strangers in the land, we had heard vaguely of an hotel, and approached it warily, whereupon Edward, at the sight of its unprepossessing frontage, shied sharply, as a horse at blown paper, and implored me to come away, and quickly. But I had booked rooms, and had the remnants of a conscience still left. He had none: said there was nothing " binding " about that, and was all for disappearing post-haste. I peeped furtively into the lounge. Homely as opposed to hotel armchairs: a big log fire: someone eating a very dainty " home-made " sort of tea: no reception office—merely a book lying on an old oak table: a pleasant-looking dining-room divided by thick curtains from the lounge. Odd place—unusual—let's risk it. We did, and found sanctuary. . . . Our evening clothes were already laid out when the dressing gong sounded: the right studs, don't you know, in the right places, and the socks folded ready for the feet, and the shoe horn in the de-treed shoes. . . . Will some of our gin palace hotels, far wealthier and more expensive than this one, please note? Country house as opposed to hotel food for dinner: some crusty and benevolent port. The pleasantly fresh smell from a country kitchen garden wafted into my wide-flung bedroom window at eleven: lime glinting white on orchard trees in the moonlight: and—great Scott!—a hot-water bottle laid thoughtfully in my bed. . . . We who seem to spend months of the year in hotels will never forget that one—bless it and the two women behind its efficient organisation. Edward said it knocked five strokes per round off his golf scores: I can quite believe it.

They call it " Burnham and Berrow Golf Club," and an authority writing on golf some years ago said that a new phrase should be coined " as blind as a Berrow," because at one time this magnificent course was blessed (or cursed) with no fewer than seven very blind holes. And Burnham is still smarting under that stigma in the minds of many golfers, I find, who have never played there. It is a foul calumny, for, in point of fact, there is now but one really blind hole, namely, the third, and, even so, a jolly good hole that is. Most of the others are superlative in quality.

"Douglas Grant created the record here in 1924 with a 68"

As to what is or is not a " good " hole remains, it seems to me, one of the unanswerable questions in life. For what on a golf course constitutes one man's joy in the matter of land layout is anathematised by the next man on the tee as " not a real golfing hole at all." And when you hear the leading professionals holding diametrically opposed opinions on the quality or mediocrity of a specific hole, what in the name of reason and finality is the average player to think? It depends entirely, of course—if we are honest with ourselves at golf, which no living man is—whether we play the hole well or ill. Has anyone ever heard a man say, after getting a Birdie, " That is a very poor golfing hole; the hazards are all wrong."

Most of the " big " men of the game have played over Burnham at one time or another, and all the leading ladies during their championship meeting here; and few go away with anything but deep regret. When Douglas Grant created the record here in 1924 with a 68 out of a difficult scratch score of 76 he must have gone away walking on air with the sheer joy of being alive. And when a young Oxford Blue, playing just ahead of me in a " trapping " north-east wind with occasional sleet, put in a card of 71, I felt that something very summary and unpleasant might with advantage to all of us be done to him.

One of the many beauties of this course is its unexpectedness. It has others, but this characteristic lies uppermost in the mind when you move on elsewhere.

Standing on the friendly first tee below all the keenly observant clubhouse windows, you see an ordinary-looking hole with a bottle-neck opening to the green 385 yards ahead. That is all you can see of the great course—the adjective is used in its most literal sense—and you may feel disappointed. But wait! On the second tee the glamour and enticement of the delectable project in hand begins to open out to you. And if you have got your 4 at the first (bogey 5) by an extremely skilful drive, jigger and two putts—few people do—you survey matters on the second tee with a vainglorious heart. And then the trouble begins.

Mark well the fact that you have everything in your favour that a benign Nature can provide. Sweet driver-beckoning turf on the fairways: perfect greens: the soft Somerset air: a hallelujah chorus of larks in the heavens above—and the bunkers below. Oh! those Burnham bunkers! There is one, if you please, which has the infernal impudence to carry a *direction post* on its brow seeming to say, "This way, gentlemen." It is a longish carry from the 15th tee, and the sandhill which mounts this provocative signal yawns omnivorously ahead. But if the tee shot goes sailing grandly four feet over the top of it, you glance at your opponent in mute self-admiration, and he returns your glance dumb with jealousy and anxiety, and the caddie chants mechanically, "*Sh-arrt*, zurr," and you feel you are a golfing Gulliver indeed among all these medal-playing Lilliputians. So that when you reach the vivid green fairway that lies on the other side and see the little white dot of ball waiting for you afar off, you walk up to it and press like Hagen for the even longer second that may or may not come.

"Mark well the fact that you have everything in your favour"

But it is an erring golfer who objects to bunkers—and yet how many of us do!—and the Burnham bunkers are in the right place, and at the right time, and if you are sojourning in them it is your own fault. Invidious, perhaps, to single out a hole among 18 of the best. Yet, for sheer delight in achievement and dire chagrin at failure, commend me to the new 17th here. A peach of a hole—a hole I remembered, though I was never quite on in one, whilst playing many holes subsequently on other courses. A drive of 195 yards across broken and dangerously inimical country to a high plateau green. A really perfect shot, when it comes off, and yet a place where a card can be, and often is, irretrievably ruined at the eleventh hour of the round. Burnham is full of such subtleties as is provided by its 17th; and to these must be added the fascination of its tremendous variety of shots. So kaledioscopic is the golfing country here that you find yourself approaching the 18th green under the trim clubhouse windows much too soon, were it not for the fact that you are by this time ravenously hungry. And then a rather wonderful and unusual thing happens to you.

You go to the 19th hole, of course—the opponent paying for it—as a self-respecting golfer should, and then you go upstairs to lunch. The Burnham and Berrow lunch is a golfing interlude not soon forgotten. There will be five huge cold English joints and a monstrous hot one on a side table. There will be a colossal Cheddar cheese, brought actually from the Cheddar country. There will be the hearts of lettuces which have thriven in the rich soil of gardens close by; irresistible little spring onions to accompany the cheese, which is eaten with an enormous home-made cake. And, crowning all, there is large tankard of ice-cold Somersetshire home-brewed ale. To the many men who crave this kind of fare in clubhouses where they can't get it, let me say that this is, *par excellence*, the place to come to and partake appreciatively. As far as I know, there are very few such lunches to be had in England.

And after lunch the battle is to the strong again on that cheery first tee. But not for us upon a certain day, for we had heard of the Ladies' Golf Course and of an invitation to two mere men to play upon it. This was too good to be missed, as the ladies' terrain at Burnham has a high reputation. It lives up to it. Here is an 18-hole course all by its lonesome, unmolested by man—except on courtly sufferance—where the holes, though on the short side, as is right and proper, are in quality very nearly as good as the big course itself, which is saying a great deal. We battled upon it with extreme joy, as does every man privileged to use it.

But we came away sorrowful. For it was the Children's Competition Day, and oh! the keenness and the enthusiasm *and the skill* of them on that rather terrifying first tee with the large sandhill looming hostilely to the drive; we were made instinctively to feel that, in spite of the rejuvenation of the Burnham lunch, the evening of our golfing days was drawing on apace. Whereas they . . . what a lot of friendly fairways will stretch before them in their golfing world!

D. L.

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. HARRIS

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 15—THOMAS PHILIP PERKINS

Who recently won the Amateur Championship. He has the true golf swing—compact, powerful, rhythmic and spontaneous—and is undoubtedly the best young amateur golfer who has appeared since Wethered and Tolley came to the front in the Oxford team of 1920

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

CRUSADERS FIGHT THE

One of the most spectacular episodes in the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, which is being held in Rushmoor Arena each night until June 23, is the recons
Arena is bathed in a blue light, mounted and dismounted Crusaders are seen to enter. As the music ceases the Cathedral gates open and the Bishop, fol
the Bishop blesses the Crusaders. Then the Cross advances and every Crusader kisses the hilt of his cross-shaped sword. King Richard addresses the w
ecclesiastical party returning to the Cathedral. The lights dim down and in the distance searchlights reveal the Crusaders in

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

IEIR BATTLES AGAIN

onstruction of the departure of Crusaders for the Holy Land. The scene opens to the strains "Knights of the Grail" from "Parsifal," and as the followed by the Choir, Priests and Monks, chanting slowly, make their way towards the gathering. The arena is slowly bathed in golden light and warriors, and as he points towards the East a vision of Jerusalem is seen and the King and his followers move off into the darkness, the in combat with the Turks and Saracens. Our special writer's impression of the Tattoo appears on page 576 of this issue

Just five from the many thousands of alluring jewels fashioned by the creators of Ciro Pearls ; but these brooches are typical of the artistry that inspires the innumerable specimens of the jeweller's craft produced by Ciro. The displays of Ciro Pearls and Jewellery now exhibited at our various Showrooms represent the largest stocks of jewellery in the world, and these are being added to continuously to lead every changing fashion.

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PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

ONE had scarcely appreciated how much we had become accustomed to the unpleasant in the way of news. We do not realise it until we hear something pleasant—and then there is the greatest difficulty in believing that it can be true. It seems too strange to be possible. For that reason we have not derived as much satisfaction as we ought from an item of information which should have filled us with delight. Scepticism having become ingrained, we feel that we shall have to wait for proof in practice before indulging in the suitable joy.

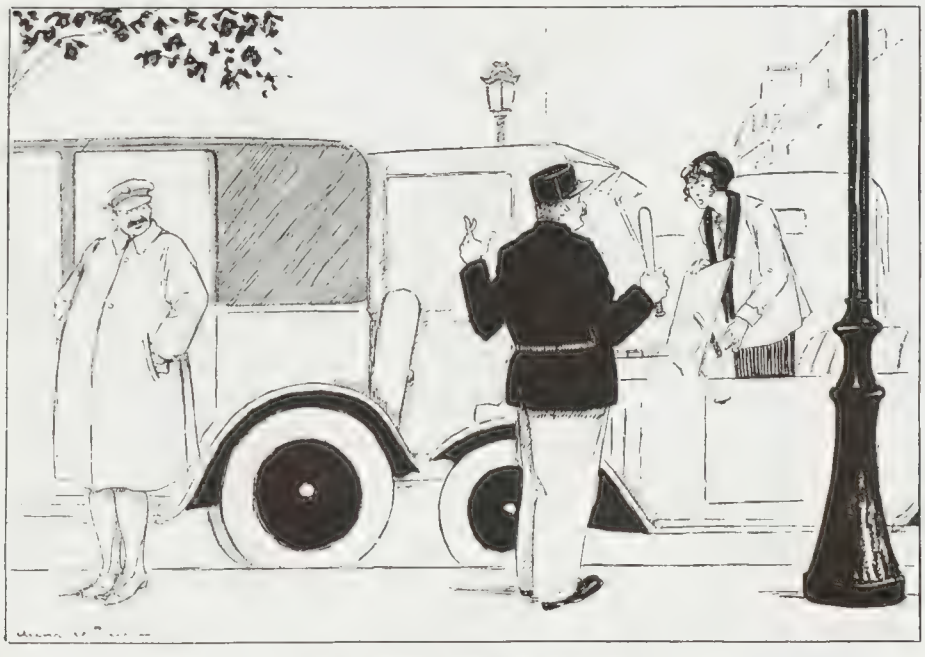
YET there appears to be quite adequate authority for the cheering information, which is to the effect that there is to be a very material drop in the price of theatre tickets—so thorough a " cut " that the cost of the best seats at such expensive music-halls as the Folies-Bergère, the Casino de Paris, the Moulin Rouge and the Palace will be only fifty francs. That is, not much more than half the present prices. And other seat prices are to be reduced accordingly, while, following automatically—because they must—the theatres and the cinemas will also adopt the descending line.

THIS movement offers the best evidence that there really has existed the " crisis " in the theatre world of which there has been so much talk. Nothing else could have influenced such a decision in a period when prices of virtually everything are mounting with a most aggravating regularity. It is the fact that it is so contrary to all the current tendencies that makes us so dubious about it, and, as I hinted, we shall want to see it come into effect before throwing our hats in the air. But still, even if something happens to prevent it—

"Throwing our hats in the air"

which would be the least surprising of happenings—it is comforting to know that the matter has even been under consideration. That is as unexpected as it is welcome.

ANOTHER rather surprising announcement to Parisians is that the brothers Max and Alex Fischer will no longer write novels, sketches, articles, letters to the public Press, or any other kind of communication in collaboration, but will operate separately when they feel themselves driven to publish something on account of the writing " urge." We are informed that it is a divorce by consent, and that there has been no unfriendliness or unbrotherliness. But it is somewhat puzzling to Parisians, who had the impression that these brothers, who are frequently a target for a widespread attack through not being over-popular, could not work single-handed.



"'It may be quite a while,' he responded"

THEY are the origin of the famous joke of the licensed humorist Tristan Bernard, who is said to have personally addressed the jibe to Max and Alex. " I had an awful dream about you last night," he began. " I dreamt that you two had become three." The latest announcement has naturally produced the easy " follow-up " to that yarn, namely, the expression of a hope that the separation will not mean that there will now be two novels, two sketches, two

articles and two letters to the public Press where there was only one before. Still, the brothers Fischer appear to thrive on caustic criticism, which is often intended more to be an exercise of wit than to be unkind.

APROPOS of letters to the public Press, we learn quite a lot of entertaining things about our British selves from contributions to the local journals. I have just come across one which tells how the English, despite their many defects, manage to set a standard of behaviour to the world. Englishwomen, for example, know how to handle the fashionable, but rather dangerous, short frock, says this admiring writer. "No Englishwoman," states this attentive observer, "crosses her legs when wearing one of these dresses. She crosses only her ankles." I hope this is correct. But I fear that if the writer has done any boating on the Thames those attentive eyes have been kept fixed on the waters and have never strayed towards the banks.

"She crosses only her ankles"

LIKE most Parisiennes, Fernande has taken to driving her own car—a smart little car, naturally. And Fernande is not at all a bad driver, really. But this week she had an experience from which it will take her some while to recover. In the midst of a traffic jam she pulled up beside a number of taxis and settled down to wait patiently. At the end of five minutes she began to be restless, and decided that a strong "honking" solo might help to determine a forward movement. But all that happened was that she attracted the attention of an *agent*, who stalked up to the car and inquired why she was creating so much useless noise. "Well, when are these taxis going to move so that I can go ahead?" asked Fernande. Then the *agent* sniggered. "Oh, it may be quite a while," he responded. "You see, you have put yourself in a cab rank."

IT would be rather interesting to know what has brought about the change in our architects. Before the War, so far as my recollections go, architects used to be very serious and somewhat "heavy" persons, about the nearest relation to family solicitors in the shires. You would never have expected them to do anything except according to precedent. And now they have become about the highest and most fanciful of professional men. At the Architectural Exhibition recently opened in Paris they have indulged in quite an orgy of the fantastic, what with elastic houses, wall-less houses, revolving houses, houses of metal and houses of seaweed.

THE revolving house, in particular, has caught the imagination of Paris as a practical invention with eminently desirable possibilities. It is a house where the day ceases to be divided into a dark morning and a bright afternoon, or a bright morning and a dark afternoon, according to how it is built across the path of the sun. You can have the sunshine all day. All you do is to turn a switch and Sunshine Villa swings round to capture all the rays you want.

THERE should be a wonderful feeling of command over the elements when you can call out to the maid, "Janine, give me a little more sun; the plot of this comedy is threatening to become a wee bit gloomy. No, not quite so much as that; you are directing a too powerful ray on my watery left eye!" All this power is put at your disposal just by the attachment of a dynamo and the building of the house on a turntable. But, of course, you need to live in a town where the sun can be seen in order to enjoy the advantages of the invention. The revolving home would scarcely serve much purpose in smoke-shrouded Sheffield or the Five Towns.

RENÉ.

Central News

THE DISTAFF SIDE

Oxford University recently met Cambridge University in the Ladies' Singles Lawn Tennis Match. It took place at Oxford, the home team repeating their success of last year

Fancy Dress

Douglas

MISS DIANA VAN DEN BERGH

Makes a piquant picture as she proves that the silk hat in some forms can be anything but unbecoming. She is one of the many Society children who will dance at Miss Dorice Stainer's Dancing Matinée at the Strand Theatre on June 29 in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund

La Vie au

Photo Illus.

A BRITISH VICTORY

T. A. Bourn, of Sunningdale, who recently won the French Amateur Championship at Saint Germain-en-Laye. In the final round he beat the American, A. H. Vincent, over 36 holes by 8 up with 7 to play

Sport and General

MISS E. WILSON

Who won the Midland Ladies' Championship at Blackwell. The competition is decided by stroke play, and Miss Wilson in returning 158 for 36 holes equalled the record she made in winning this event in 1926

YACHTING AT HARWICH

Topical and Sport and General

Fine weather marked the recent opening of the yachting big class season at Harwich, under the auspices of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. The top photograph shows Lady Frank, the wife of Sir Howard Frank, on board their yacht, Norado, in Harwich Harbour during the regatta while the bottom photograph gives a fine impression of the 18-footer class reaching up the Orwell in a stiff breeze

Grand Air

Q.P.

A "WINNING" SMILE

Pte. J. Rutherford, of the London Scottish, winning the Half Mile at the London Territorial Athletic meeting at the Duke of York's Barracks, Chelsea. The London Scottish won the Aggregate Cup, just beating the Artists' Rifles

Sport and General

"A—1"

Lieut. Coughlan, of the Irish Free State Army, winning the Mile in four minutes thirty-six seconds. The photograph was taken at the Inter-Club Athletics in College Park, Dublin

Sport and General

AT EDGBASTON

J. C. Gregory (Great Britain) and H. Moldenhauer Germany) going on to court for their Davis Cup match, which the former won. Great Britain beat Germany comfortably and qualified to meet Italy

Photographs

A "DAY OUT" FOR THE ADMIRALS

Sport and General

There was a close tussle this year between the "Admirals" eleven and the Nautical College, Pangbourne, in the match which was recently played at Pangbourne. The Admirals, under the captaincy of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe, made 154, as against the Cadets' 123. The photograph on the left shows Cadets T. Knapp and T. B. Sidgwick going out to bat, while the photograph on the right shows the Admirals going out to field, and seemingly feeling very cheerful about it

"She picked up a glistening red stone from the heap and handed it out to me"

TURKISH DELIGHT

By NIGEL WORTH

Illustration by A. W. SINDALL

THERE is nothing I like better than having my friend Bellamy to lunch. He cheers me up immensely with his humorous anecdotes and stories of weird experiences in foreign countries, for he is a great traveller; I doubt whether there is a corner of the world he has not visited.

But all the same, I do wish he would learn to be punctual. Personally, I am a creature of method. I sit down to lunch in the club at one o'clock sharp, and at twenty-five minutes past I stroll leisurely into the smaller and cosier of the two smoking-rooms imbued with the pleasant conviction that there will still be a comfortable chair untenanted, and in that chair I sit and smoke and muse until it is time to go for my afternoon constitutional. But on wet days I do not go out. I stay close to the fire and nurse my rheumatism.

This was a wet day, a nasty, cold, autumnal one. When inviting Bellamy I had been careful to say "one sharp,' and yet he was nearly twenty minutes late. I was just a trifle peevish. However, he was so penitent when he did arrive that it was hard to be severe.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Sir George," he said apologetically as we sat down to table. "In a rash moment I promised to take a small niece, aged ten, to select a birthday present for herself. The expedition started at eleven o'clock, but has only just come to a successful termination. I'm nearly frayed to the bone. Yes, thick soup, please. By the by, on the subject of soup, did I ever mention that curious experience I had at Naples, when the irate Italian used a plate of mulligatawney as a weapon of offence?"

And away he went, and story followed story. The rascal made me laugh more than I had done for many a long day, and when we lit our cigars and retired to the smoking-room I was feeling as pleased with life as if a shilling had been taken off the Income Tax.

But that pleased feeling did not last long, for whom should I find ensconced in my favourite armchair but Robson—oily, fat Robson; and to make matters worse, his younger brother, who is likewise large, sleek, and blue-chinned, was occupying the fourth and last of the armchairs by the fire.

"There, you unpunctual fellow," I whispered to Bellamy, as we settled ourselves in the cold and draughty window-seat. "You see what you are responsible for. There's no chance of getting anywhere near the fire till tea-time."

And I made a significant gesture.

Bellamy eyed the two porpoise-like forms distastefully, and shrugged his shoulders contritely.

"I'm sorry, Sir George," he said, "very sorry indeed. However, I am not *always* unpunctual, as I will prove to you by a little anecdote—that is, if you would care to hear the details of a rather extraordinary experience that befell me not very far away from this club only the other day."

As he said this he glanced at the clock, the hands of which showed ten minutes past two.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "and it's a Thursday, too! What a weird coincidence! Well, would you care to hear my story, Sir George?"

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you know I would."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 606*)

When Pure Food is NOT

This Summer of 1928 is the first in which the full effects of the Government regulations banning preservatives in food will be felt. Have you ever stopped to consider why they were put in, and what difference their absence will make to you? They were put in to retard the natural process of decay. Their absence means that decay will set in much sooner. Unfortunately most women think it perfectly easy to detect such decay in time. The truth is far different. It is there 36 hours before you can detect it, spreading all the time, rendering food less and less fit for human consumption. Would you let your family, your children, eat such food—mouldy food, decaying food, although it looks all right? Then read the "Vital Facts About Food" given here, see how Frigidaire protects you, and send in the coupon for full particulars.

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You can never be sure of the purity and wholesomeness of your food when it is kept in a merely cool temperature. For, at any temperature over 50° bacteria can multiply 400 times as fast as in temperatures below that degree. Statistics prove that on 330 days of the average year your larder's temperature is above 50°, *i.e.*, on 330 days bacteria are free to multiply in your food. The basic reason why you need Frigidaire is that its temperature is always below 50° and consequently your food is always safe.

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(Continued from page 604)

"All right," said Bellamy. "It is a story without an ending, but I think you will find it intriguing."

"A fortnight ago to-day (he began), just as the clock of St. Matthew's Church chimed half-past two, I happened to enter the alley that forms a short cut between Jefferson Street and Austin Road. You know Austin Road—about four minutes walk away from here? You do? Well, the alley is called Paterson's Yard; it is long, narrow, rather dark, and seemingly little frequented. Half-way along is a bow-fronted window, which is rather noticeable by reason of its large yellow shutters. The window is on the ground floor of an otherwise inconspicuous and rather dilapitated dwelling.

"You may therefore imagine my surprise when, as I approached the window, the yellow shutters were suddenly thrown up, revealing to my gaze a sight worthy of the Arabian Nights entertainments. At a little table close by the window sat a beautiful young Turkish girl, clothed in a sort of green brocade jacket and a pair of light blue silk trousers. She wore a yashmak, but it was exceedingly transparent and in no wise concealed a delicate oval face, lips that were eminently kissable, and a pair of appealing blue eyes. At her side knelt a little shiny nigger boy wearing a red fez, and on the table in front of her was a heap of sparkling coloured stones. As I came abreast of the window the girl spoke to me.

"'Friend,' she said in a deep, sweet voice, speaking in English but with a pronounced accent, 'as you have come at the appointed hour you may be the one whom I await. Are the stars still in the heavens?'

"Without thinking, I replied—absolutely at a venture. I flatter myself it was rather a good impromptu answer. 'All but the fairest' was what I said.

"Now, do you know, that girl literally quivered with excitement. 'Where is the finger of Arabi?' she demanded, gazing at me as though she hoped I brought news of a long-lost lover. Unfortunately, that was where I lost my grip on the situation. I just stood and stared. After a few seconds a look of deep disappointment came over the face of my fair questioner, and she said gravely: 'I see I was mistaken in my hopes. Take this and begone.'

"To my astonishment she picked up a glistening red stone from the heap and handed it out to me. I took it, and, as I did so, kissed her hand. The little nigger boy raised his arm, and the yellow shutters came down with a bang; so, as there seemed nothing else to do, I walked on down the alley wondering whether I had been dreaming. However, there was the red stone still tightly clasped in my hand. 'Coloured glass,' I said to myself, examining it. 'Practical joke of sorts—or possibly an advertising stunt.' Nevertheless, on reaching Jefferson Street, I walked into the first jeweller's I came to, put the stone on the counter and asked the man to tell me what it was. 'Singularly fine ruby,' says the fellow. 'If you wish to part with it, sir, I will give you forty pounds for it.' However, I did not sell it. Here it is if you wish to see it."

Feeling in his waistcoat pocket, Bellamy brought forth a piece of tissue paper which he carefully unwrapped, disclosing a large red stone.

"What an extraordinary experience!" I exclaimed. "Who was the girl, and why——"

"One minute, Sir George," Bellamy interrupted. "I have not yet come to the end of my story. To be candid, I was so impressed by my experience that I began to make a practice of visiting Paterson's Yard each afternoon at the same hour as before, hoping to get another glimpse of the pretty Turkish girl. But the yellow shutters were invariably down, and even the little shiny black boy was not on view. Until last Thursday—exactly a week after my first experience. I was a few seconds late, for the clock had chimed the half-hour before I reached the entrance to the alley, but as I turned the corner I saw to my delight that the yellow shutters were raised. Unfortunately there was a strange man standing at the window, and as I drew near I saw that he was talking to the Turkish girl. Even as I watched, she held out her hand to him. He did not kiss it as I had done, but took something from it and walked on down the alley. As soon as he had left, down came the shutters. Feeling most disappointed, I rushed forward and tapped upon the woodwork. After a short pause the shutters were raised once again. There in front of me was the young lady, looking fully as attractive as on the previous occasion; but instead of beaming at me she shook her head sorrowfully and said, 'Once, twice—and thrice will be the last.' So, as it was clear that I had been tried and found wanting, I took off my hat and walked away. At the end of the alley I came up with the man who had been standing at the window. He was staring very perplexedly at something he held in his hand, which I saw was another ruby.

"Excuse me, sir," I said to him, "but on what question did you break down? 'Where is the finger of Arabi?' he replied, 'I seem to have solved the one about the stars all right.' At this I was rather astonished, for it seemed incredible that two persons should have accidentally hit upon the correct answer. However, it turned out that the answer this fellow had given, and which seemed to pass muster, was, 'Yes, and so are the sun and the moon.'

"There," concluded Bellamy, "that is where my story leaves off, Sir George. Can you give me any possible explanation why that beautiful foreigner should sit at that window, asking curious questions and handing out rubies to chance passers-by? And why should she only do it at half-past two on a Thursday afternoon? And what did she mean when she said, 'Once, twice—and thrice will be the last?'"

"It seems to me," broke in the Colonel, who, like the others, had been an intent listener, "the girl meant to imply that this very afternoon will be the last. I'll tell you what, if you promise not to let my wife know about it, I will reconnoitre. . ."

At this moment Robson gave his brother a nudge, and after exchanging a significant look the two men rose quickly and walked quietly out of the room.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Colonel disgustedly, "I do believe those fellows have been eaves-dropping and that they are going to try their luck."

"I hope they are successful," said Bellamy, taking me by the arm and leading me to my favourite chair. "Only now I come to think of it, Sir George, my desire to tell you an interesting story led me to alter one or two material facts. There is no beautiful young lady, and the ruby was presented to me by my niece this morning; she bought it at a toy shop. However, the yellow shutters are there all right, and should you go and tap on one an angry old cobbler will lift it up and swear at you!"

N. W.

Four-in-hand . . . jingle, jingle . . . Ta-ta-ra-ta . . . 1890 . . . Wasp waists and leg o' mutton sleeves . . . 1905 . . . Feathers, striped frocks, long gloves, parasols . . . champagne . . . The Royal Enclosure, very Royal . . . 1928 . . . Cool, patterned lawns, fairy frocks . . . sleek, silent cars . . . grey toppers . . . *they* never change . . . the luncheon-basket . . . Fizz? . . . M'yes . . . although most people now prefer Worthington . . . 1928

FEMINA

STREET LAMPPOSTS IN THE HOME

By MRS. M. VINCE

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. Eric Mackintosh photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Gwendolyn France, after their wedding at St. Jude's Church, Halifax. Mr. Mackintosh is the brother of Sir Howard Mackintosh, of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, and the youngest son of the late Mr. John Mackintosh, J.P.

Elwin Neame

A BRITISH FILM STAR

Miss Madeline Carroll, who is playing lead in the new Gaumont film, "What Money Can Buy," seen in a dress of Celanese Crêpe Bayardo. Miss Carroll, who is only twenty, is a B.A. of Birmingham University

MRS. W. REID LUNN

The wife of Mr. W. Reid Lunn, General Manager of Smokers Ltd., Havana Cigar Importers, of Manchester. They were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on June 11

A BOOK on "Romantic London" which was published the other day spoke with regret of the complete disappearance of the old familiar figures of the muffin man and the lamplighter, the lavender girl and the knife grinder. But they have not yet altogether gone. I live in a quiet street where the muffin-man's bell is still rung every Sunday afternoon in the winter; where the onion-seller still passes; where, very rarely, we still hear the call of "sweet lavender" (as well as the more frequent call of "ripe storbies"), and where, above all, there is still a lamplighter.

DUSK each day still brings that plainly dressed but so romantic figure past our door. He is still with us, but, of course, he is doomed. When the last street-lamp is electrified he will quietly disappear. Yet even without him street-lamps will always be romantic. "Fire," says Mr. Belloc, "has travelled with us from the first exile; only to see a fire, whether he needs it or no, comforts a man." That is true also of a lamp in a dark street. But, though street-lamps will always be romantic even without a lamplighter, it was with a real shock the other day that I found seven street-lamp-posts painted on the wall of a staircase. There they were, almost, if not quite, as large as life, standing up from the skirting-board all the way up the first flight of stairs.

IT was not, I admit, a private house. Or rather it had once been a private house—and a very beautiful one—but it was now the home of Arts and Crafts Exhibitions. Each of the seven lamps had a word in red letters across it—"sacrifice," "truth," "power," "beauty," "life," "memory," "obedience," the names of Ruskin's seven lamps of architecture. So these street-lampposts on the wall were the symbols of these great abstract thoughts. But their use did not end here. Each painted lamppost had a painted arm. Into the end of each painted arm a real nail had been driven, and from that real nail hung a real picture. Thus, in this queer mixture of illusion and reality, sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, life, memory and obedience, besides being lights to lighten our darkness, were each pretending to hold up a small engraving in a black frame. Milton's heart we know

The lowliest duties on herself did lay,

but this certainly seemed a very lowly duty to be performed by sacrifice, obedience, and truth. A final touch of absurdity was given to this piece of decoration by a bowler hat (real) which someone had waggishly hung on one of the nails.

IF one saw lampposts used in this way in a child's drawing one would be amused and pleased with it. That idea of making the painted arm appear to support a picture would strike one as very ingenious—in anyone under ten year's old. But as a piece of serious decoration in an Art Exhibition it left a good deal to be desired. I hope we shall not see it copied in private houses, but that great space of wall rising up from the stairs is a serious temptation to restless people who cannot see a big space in a house without wanting to cover it with something.

IT is much better not to hang pictures on the stairs, both because they cannot be properly seen and because a staircase is so often a narrow thoroughfare where one does not want people to be stopping. The designer of that scheme of seven lampposts certainly ought to have included a figure of a policeman under the lamp-post marked "obedience," moving on anyone who stopped to look at the pictures which they were supposed to be holding up. Pictures on a staircase, if there are any at all, are best kept to the landings. Personally, I think that space on a staircase is a very good thing, and nothing looks better than a plain painted wall above a painted dado. It is better also to have the whole wall one colour, dividing the dado into panels. The dado should be either enamelled or varnished, so that it can be washed, and the wall above painted in flat-colour. Most people are content to have a muslin blind across a staircase-window but it adds much to the beauty of the staircase if its window has long curtains which can be drawn at night.

AT any rate, do not have lampposts. But about lamp-posts there is one more thing to be said. I have never heard of their arms being used before to hold pictures. But they have been used at time of revolution to hang men on. I can imagine a design of lampposts used in that way being very impressive as a symbol of artistic revolution. If it is done I should like to see the portrait of the designer of that staircase hung on one of them.

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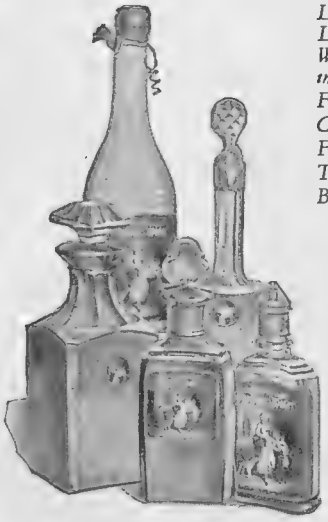

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It's Our Season, Anyway

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 18.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE very zenith of the Season, someone's just been saying this is, *and*, of course, the most brilliant Season yet. Always is, you know, every year; and isn't it lucky things happen that way? Splendid, I mean, that we always somehow manage to be so pleased with the present, and feel quite certain sure everything in the garden's lovely and all's for the very best in the best of all possible worlds. Kind of dispensation of Providence, what?—that sort of deep satisfaction with the things we've got. Like the way so many husbands and wives seem to be utterly convinced they've contrived by some miracle to secure the world's most wonderful efforts in the way of wives and

A good crop of strawberries

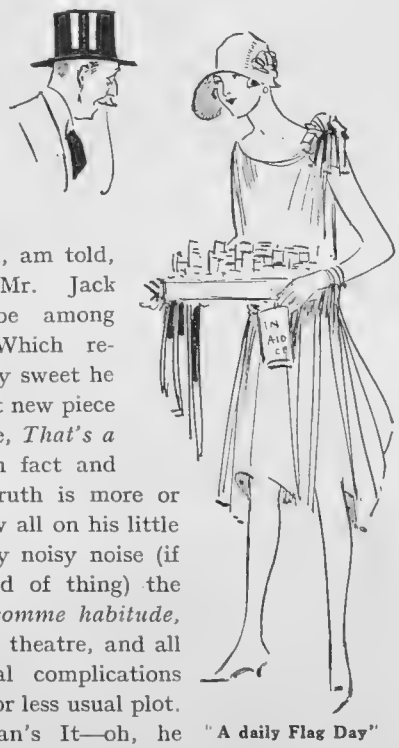
husbands, even if to the mere ordinary observer he may seem just a mere bald and undersized half-wit, and she a singularly plain and brainless cat (to put it really nicely).

SUPPOSE that's really the secret, come to think of it, of national pride and all that sort of thing, *n'est-ce pas?* The great Whatever's-Ours-Is-Right idea I'm here adverting or alluding to, needless to say. Even if our little lot should chance to include a few little crosses like strap-hanging, cigarette curfews, savidge policemen, Bishops scrapping over the Prayer Book, Mr. Maxton, M.P., the Nonconformist conscience, a daily flag day, all-the-roads-up-at-once-in-mid-June, twelve o'clock teetotalism in the night clubs and the Mayor and Corporation of Birmingham (who ban Mr. George Robey, Mr. Ernest Procter, *Dawn*, and so on, etc., *ad lib.*, and let 'em all come, or words to that effect). Not that I mean little matters like that really matter, of course, because, after all, they're *English*. But some of those other nations—it's positively astonishing and astounding how they go on putting up with all manner of horrid and absurd ways and customs just because they're *theirs*. Odd people, foreigners, are not they?

"The select circle"

ANYWAY, more or less agreed, isn't it, about this zenith business and how we're leading rather a hectic-ish life, not to say burning the battery at both ends, so to speak, here in London now. And very nice, too—I mean to say, nothing more terrible, is there, than having too little to do, and nothing more thrilling (however bad for the nerve-complexes and things) than having too much? Ascot this week, for one thing, with its truly gorgeous frock parade (let's all pray for an anti-cyclone and none of those dashed depressions moving across from Ireland), and eke and likewise a few nice gees somewhere in the background. Also that perfectly ravishing affair, the Horse Show at Olympia, complete with banked masses of geraniums, and Lord Lonsdale, and the sweetest horses ever that do their marvellous jumping tricks—and, by the way, actually at least one cup that this lil' country has won all for its own for two whole years. Some extra special riding there's going to be this time, too, I hear, by some people from the famous riding school of Vienna, which is something quite new for us, and said to be absolutely *the* brightest and best.

NOT to mention some millions of dances—well, at any rate, there'll be quite a lot of both private and pub. ones; also the numerous charity affairs, like the big one for the Hampstead Hospital that they're having at the May Fair next week on the 28th, when, am told, the celebrated Mr. Jack Buchanan will be among those present. Which reminds me, perfectly sweet he is in his very latest new piece at the Hippodrome, *That's a Good Girl*—and in fact and good sooth and truth is more or less the whole show all on his little own. Hearteningly noisy noise (if you like that kind of thing) the orchestra makes, *comme habitude*, at this well-known theatre, and all sorts of the usual complications occur in the more or less usual plot. But Mr. Buchanan's It—oh, he



"A daily Flag Day"

really is swee-weet, the way he throws his graceful limbs about as if he hadn't got any joints much to bother about, and does funny things with his voice, and is generally the sort of bad good-looking boy that everybody loves.

Saw quite a pleasing show, by the way, at the Duke of York's the other night, entitled *Many Happy Returns*, which is called a *revue*, and, oddly enough, for the first time for Lord-knows-how-many years is actually rather like one. Quite sort of topical, that is, and chats lightly and brightly about people and events of the day, it does—p'raps the gallery mayn't all like it because they'll have to have heard who's Prime Minister to enjoy it, and know the difference between the celebrated "Orpsie Boy" and Augustus John, but, after all (said she defiantly and also feelingly), must we always be at the mercy of our admirable but somewhat ignorant proletariat? Several rather sweet things there are therein, dear Cousin, including a somewhat nasty knock at that rather, perhaps, over-advertised little boy, Christopher Robin, and, oh yes! lots of talk, of course, about the modern girl. As seen, for instance, from the backward vista of 1940.

Just an old-fashioned lady
With old-fashioned knees—
When our grannies
were twenty-one . . .

And further passage later on in same deathless lyric concerning the fragrant memories of the girl of 1928—

Just an old-fashioned girl,
With an old-fashioned flat,
Using old-fashioned language—
What sweeter than that?

Old-fashioned lady with old-fashioned knees

Strawberries, *on dit*, are having a bumper crop—yes, these really are a national possesh, whereof we couldn't by any sort of stretch of imagination be more proud than we ought to—and even Labour M.P.s have been seen having tea on the Terrace. Cricket is being played at Lord's, am told, and Helen's giving a perfectly good show of her delightful pictures at Walker's Galleries until July 2 as ever is—or is it will be?

Talking about modern affairs, by the way, hear the Sitwells are starting a new show this very night, reading out to a privileged audience at the Arts Theatre their own "beautiful poems," the dear things—yea, and even others—for the first time Mr. William Shakespeare also has been admitted to the select circle, and Edith will kindly do the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*. Isn't it too perfectly priceless?

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

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DOGS

By "The Kennelman"

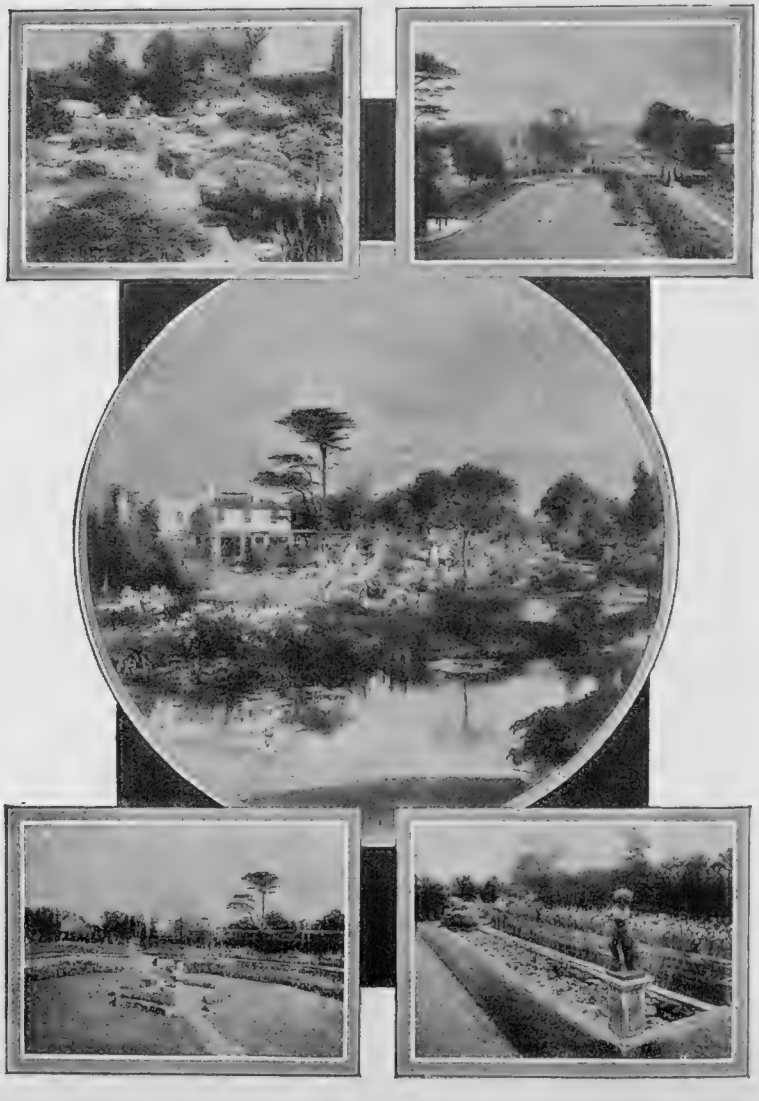
TO-DAY (Wednesday) Exeter holds its Dog Show; Taunton to-morrow; Bournemouth and Chester both on the 27th; Winchester the 28th; Ashford on the 29th. July 10 will bring Richmond's much-favoured "Picnic Show" in the Old Deer Park; and four days later the neighbouring riverside town of Kingston stages a big show for Alsatians, at which a special feature is to be made of "Obedience Tests." There should be more of these special competitions in behavour and the like at all Dog shows, for they stimulate doggy education—so extremely instructive for humans!—and always attract the general public. By enlarging sympathy and practical understanding they serve the best ends of the newly organised National Dog Week to be instituted this year.

As a nation of Dog-lovers we owe a great deal to the world's chief G.H.Q. of dogdom, the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. It's steady continuity that makes most kinds of service valuable, and what a fine record the K.C. has in this respect! Its Show at the Crystal Palace on October 10 and 11 this year will be the 67th of the K.C.'s annual shows. Its 50th Annual Field Trials for Pointers and Setters were held recently at Orwell Park, Ipswich; the Countess Howe and Colonel H. M. Wilson judging. These, and the Club's admirably organised Field Spaniel and Retriever Trials have a great deal to do with the admitted supremacy of the British-bred gun-dog all over the world. By the way, it was only last week that a reader of these Notes drew attention to the popularity in England of the breeds of Irish origin, and the easy superiority of the English-bred strains of these varieties And now one notes that for the first time on record an Irish Setter has won the All-Aged Stakes at the Kennel Club Trials. This is Mrs. F. Nagle's F.T.Ch. Sulhampstead Sheilin D'or—Berkshire-bred—whose pace, style and quartering were a joy to watch. Can any country on earth offer a more entrancing spectacle than a pack of English Foxhounds, an English Sheepdog, an English Pointer or Retriever, or—perhaps more beautiful in line and colouring than any—such an Irish Red Setter as Sheilin D'or, seen doing their lovely best in their own respective jobs?

Some notion of the numbers of recognised present-day Dog-fanciers in England may be gathered from the fact that the Kennel Club will send out twenty-five thousand schedules to exhibitors for the October Show. It should be noted, by the way, that the Kennel Club receives and remits to the proper quarters donations to the Distemper Research Fund—needed at once—to the Veterinary College Rebuilding Fund, and to the Testimonial to Lord Lonsdale.

"The Kennelman" doesn't set up to be anything out of the way in the moral line, but he ventures to suggest that there are some crimes for which sharper penalties than fines are needed; certain glaring forms of cruelty to animals, for example. Also, it's not much use fining a wealthy foreigner (or Briton either, for that matter) for the infernally unsporting offence of smuggling an unvetted Dog into England; and that, too, from a country in which there's a lot of rabies and hydrophobia about. Baccy or cigars, silks and scents and undies—well, if you don't mind arrests and treble duties and the like, the risk's your own, anyhow. But this smuggling evasion of canine quarantine is a crime against the community, and especially against all Dogs. Apart from compulsory cauterisings and horrid dangers for humans, consider the misery for all our Dogs of muzzling orders and the like. No, this particular form of smuggling is a dirty game, and deserves a spell of the plank bed.

Glimpses of the 'GAZEWAY' GARDENS



THE photographs but vaguely show the infinite charm of the real thing! To see that, you must visit "The Gazeway."

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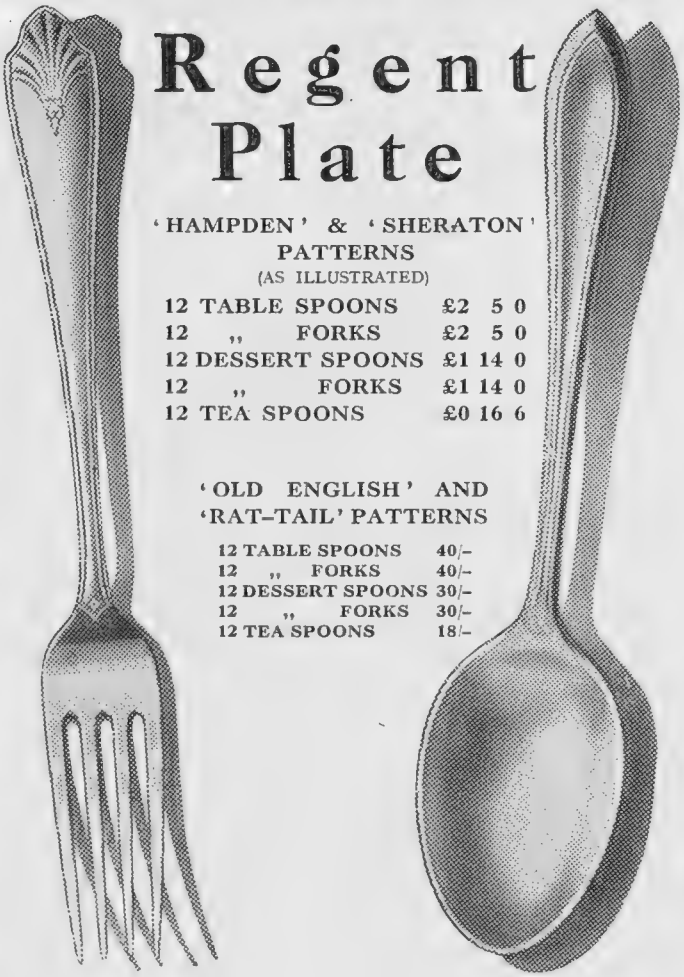

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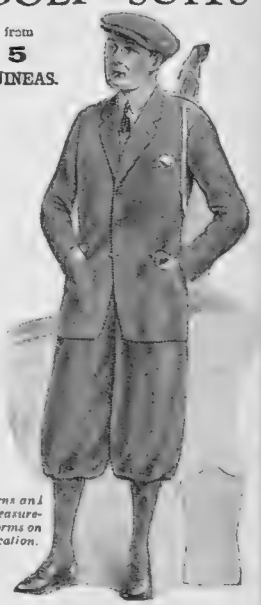

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE: Constructive Bidding at Contract

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CONTRACT Bridge is all the rage in America, although it has not ousted Auction entirely, as has happened on the Continent. It may prove to be one of those passing phases of fashion in cards which are common in the United States. The Whist Club and the Knickerbocker Whist Club of New York have rescued the game from the many cooks who were tinkering with the broth by providing a standard set of laws for it.

Over ten years ago it was acclaimed in America as the game of the century, but after being tried over here it was rejected. As a club game in England it has now ceased to be, but it is played in private circles, although the scoring is different from the American codes.

During the past ten years numerous American books have been published on the game. The latest and liveliest is "Contract Bridge," by Sidney Lenz, of which an English edition has been issued by George Allen and Unwin.

. . . . . .

The great idea of American Contract is to go for the big thing. It is not enough to make your contract, or even game and rubber. You must be looking out always for opportunities to bid little or grand slams with their big bonuses. For this purpose you have to make what appear to our conservative British ideas extraordinarily wild or mad bids. You show Aces or ability to stop an adverse suit by bidding that suit when you are bare of it to indicate that you can ruff it on first round. At no card game other than Contract is the ability to understand what the partner is endeavouring to portray of such value. Many combinations lend themselves to the bidding of little slam with almost exactitude, but rarely can the player bid a grand slam without taking some chance.

The following given by Mr. Lenz is a good example of constructive bidding:—

S.—A, 4, 3, 2.
H.—Q, 10, 5.
D.—Q, J, 9, 6, 4.
C.—A.

S.—K, Q, J, 10, 8, 7.
H.—9, 7.
D.—8, 2.
C.—K, 9, 2.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—9, 6.
H.—8, 2.
D.—10, 7, 5, 3.
C.—Q, 10, 7, 6, 4.

S.—5.
H.—A, K, J, 6, 4, 3.
D.—A, K.
C.—J, 8, 5, 3.

Z deals and bids "Two Hearts"; A, "Three Spades"; Y, "*Four Spades*"; B, "No bid"; Z, "*Five Diamonds*"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Seven Hearts."

Have you got it?

This is how it works out. The original bid by Z was conventional, and A's pre-emptive bid of three Spades was made with a willingness to accept a penalty to save the game. Y's bid of four Spades was to assure partner that no tricks would be lost in Spades as he held the Ace. Unless Y had a slam in view he would have bid four Hearts. Z then bids the Diamonds with the same object, as Y can always bid five Hearts. The grand slam is bid by Y instead of the little slam, because Z's Diamond bid shows an exceptional hand, and Y's holding is too powerful to expect a club bid to be raised beyond six Hearts. Of course, the contract is made without any difficulty.

But such bidding makes the brain of the average Britisher to reel!

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GRAND
HOTEL

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PROMENADE

FIRST CLASS
LUXURIOUSLY
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GARAGE
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King George V Gold Trophy—Afternoon, June 25th.
Prince of Wales's Gold Cup—Afternoon, June 28th.

By Appointment
to His Majesty King George V.

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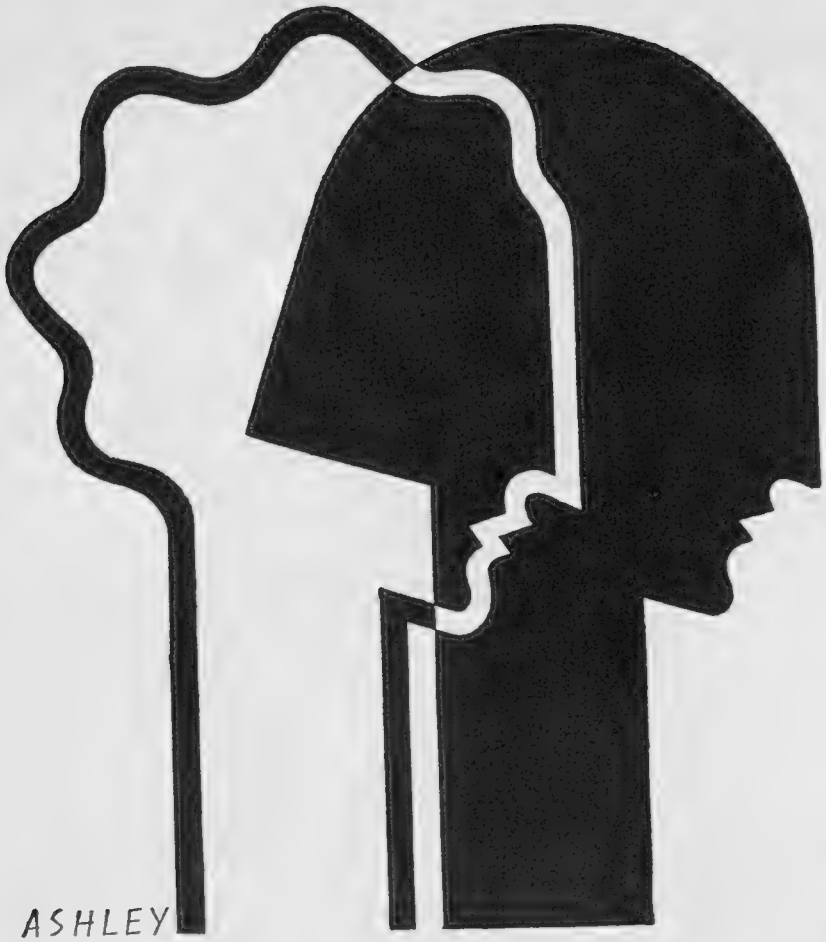


Nestlé's wonderful new Radion process has revolutionised permanent waving. Hair treated with Radion tubes not only sets in the softest and most natural-looking waves, but puts on new life and new lustre. The Radion process, moreover, is the only one which is completely successful for white hair, for it does not tarnish its colour.

Ask your local hairdresser for particulars of this wonderful new wave, and for your further information write for a free copy of "The Nestlé Way to Rippling Beauty" to C. Néstle & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R 27), 48, South Molton Street, London, W.1.

NEW SHEEN & NEW VITALITY FOR YOUR HAIR

NESTLÉ RADION WAVE

MORE LASTING MORE NATURAL EASIER TO SET

"All the Jolly Fun!"

BY HELEN MCKIE

Every year solemn gentlemen ask, in print, whether it is wise that the "barrier" behind which stage folk are supposed to live should be broken down on the occasion of the Theatrical Garden Party, and every year the theatre-going public shows its opinion of the solemn gentlemen by crowding the Royal Hospital grounds to their limits. This year's Garden Party, as the sketches show, was a very bright specimen of its kind, and the funds of the Actors' Orphanage benefited accordingly

Canine Aristocrats in a Royal Park

Sport and General

MISS LURCOCK WITH MISS PERRY'S PRIZE-WINNING SAMOYEDS, ZONE OF THE ARCTIC AND LOGA OF THE ARCTIC

L.N.A.

MRS. FLETCHER AUSTIN'S KEES OF BARNACRE AND CASTOR OF BARNACRE SHOW THEIR AFFECTION FOR MISS JOHNSON

Brit. Illus.

MRS. BASIL DOWNIE PERSUADES MRS. GOAD'S WHITE PEKINGESE TO "LOOK PLEASANT"

L.N.A.

MRS. MILLER-WRIGHT WITH HER BULLDOG, HOLLYCROFT HURRICANE

Brit. Illus.

MRS. ROGER WETHERED WITH SOME PRIZE-WINNING CAIRNS

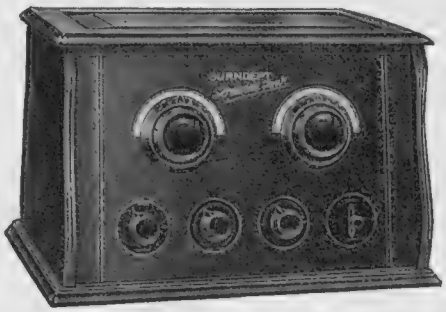
The Home Park at Windsor provided an ideal setting for the Championship Show of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon. Canine Association last week. Members of the best born families in Dogdom were present in large numbers, and posed for the camera with their usual artless grace

RADIO NOTES

THIS is the time of the year when next season's developments begin to be talked about. We hear rumours here and suggestions there as to the wonderful things that are coming for next season, but the early promise of these developments is often not fulfilled. There would, however, appear to be certain radical improvements on the stocks at the moment. Last year saw the introduction of a new type of valve—the screen grid valve. This was similar in ordinary operation to the standard three-electrode valve of to-day, but a fourth electrode has been introduced in the form of a screen between the anode and grid.

Self-oscillation Troubles

ONE of the difficulties in high-frequency amplifiers is that self-oscillation is set up in the circuits, due to coupling effects inside the valve, although by suitable precautions this oscillation can be kept under control. Furthermore, the amplification obtainable with the normal type of valve is limited. The introduction of the screen between anode and grid obviates these defects and enables considerably greater amplification to be obtained with perfect stability. This screen grid, as it is called, is maintained at a steady potential by connecting it to a suitable point on the high-tension battery. The much greater amplification obtainable brought certain troubles in its wake, as circuit problems which had hitherto been negligible now became of appreciable importance, but a number of receivers are now on the market embodying this valve, one of the most successful being the Burndept Screened Four, while the Marconi Company have 5- and 6-valve models utilising the same valve. The principal feature of such sets is the simplicity in operation, no technical knowledge being required in handling.

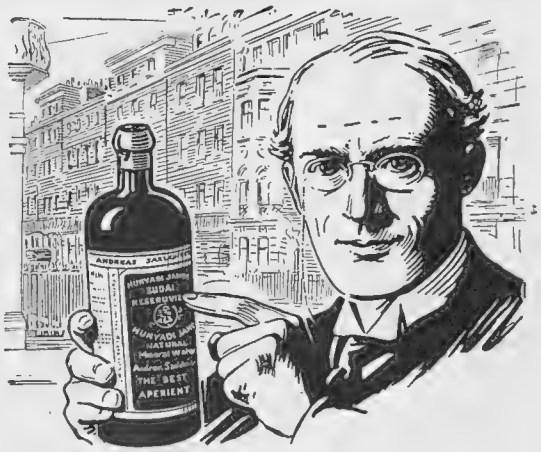


THE BURNDEPT SCREENED FOUR RECEIVER

Low-frequency Improvements

IT has taken a certain amount of time for this valve to become popular and for its value to be appreciated. This is only natural. Meanwhile, the research engineers of the various valve companies have been experimenting upon further developments of the multi-electrode valve. In particular, the problem of increasing the amplification on the audio-frequencies required to be solved, and this has now apparently been achieved. New power-amplifying valves are making their appearance in which there are no fewer than five electrodes, from which property they are termed "pentodes." The valve contains the customary filament and anode and a control grid in between the two. There are, however, two further grids introduced, one on each side of the control grid, again connected to suitable steady potentials. The grids are interconnected inside the valve, the only extra connection being one taken to the HT+ tapping from a terminal on the side of the valve. Thus, as far as operation is concerned, this valve is similar to the screened grid valve previously mentioned, in that it requires an extra high-tension tapping. Otherwise, the circuit is similar to the normal type. These valves are not yet available to the general public, and they are indeed, to some extent, experimental, for they require considerable care in the manufacture and cannot be turned out as easily as the ordinary three-electrode valve. There are, however, one or two sets already on the market embodying these valves, one of which, the McMichael Three, employs a screen-grid H.F. stage, an ordinary detector, and a pentode for the low-frequency stages, giving a performance little short of a 5-valve set with three valves only. Other manufacturers are experimenting with the valves and there is little doubt that there will be quite a number of sets this coming season incorporating these improvements.

J. H. R.



Harley Street prescribes Hunyadi

"Hunyadi Water is the finest tonic for the liver that I know," said a Harley Street physician; he was merely echoing the opinions of many world-famous physicians.

Take a wineglassful of Hunyadi in the morning.

It banishes headache, stimulates the liver and clears the system of poisonous accumulations which depress you.

Hunyadi János

The famous Natural Aperient Water.

2/6 per large bottle, containing many doses. Of all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc.

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A TRUSTY WATERPROOF

Isn't it reassuring to have a real Waterproof Coat, a smart well-cut, trim garment that can always be depended upon whatever the weather?

The "Shaftesbury" illustrated here is a good-looking coat, made in Double Texture Dark Fawn Canton, Super Rubber-proofing and suitable for all occasions, in any climate.

Get one to-day in readiness for the holidays. It will give you many years of good service.

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Also obtainable from your Outfitter, Tailor, etc.

"See Britain first," *says Mr. York* —"it's the best place for 'Motoring'"

"If you want to know Britain," said Mr. York, "you must go in for Motoring. It gets you easily wherever you want to go—to the old villages, the great cathedrals, through some of the most beautiful and intimate scenery in the world.

"The great advantage of Motoring—whether in car, charabanc, or side-car—is that you get more out of your day. With a cake of Motoring Chocolate in your pocket you need never worry how far it is to the next hotel, or spend precious time eating meals indoors. You can just pull up when and where you want—have a delicious and sustaining meal of Motoring Chocolate—and enjoy every minute in the open air.

"And because you don't waste time, you can add another twenty or thirty miles to your day's run. See Britain in comfort: let 'Motoring' help you."

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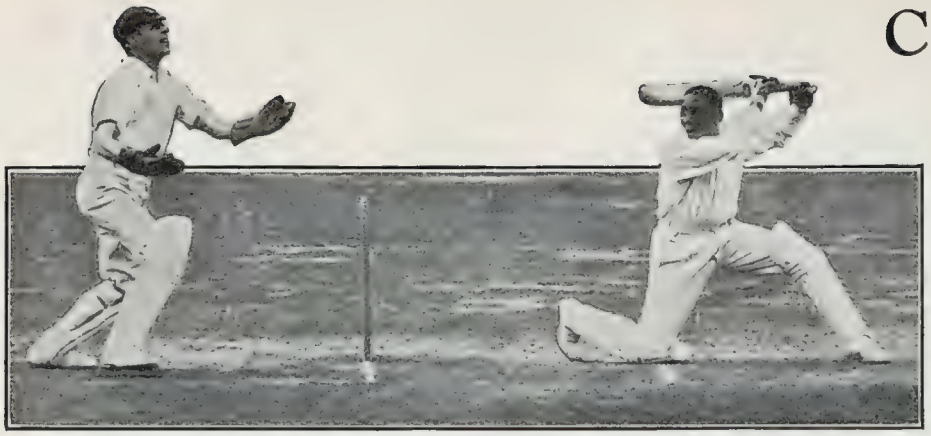
WITH ALMONDS AND RAISINS

½lb. cakes: Plain (red label), 1/-; Milk (blue label), 1/1; & 6d. cakes and same quality in 2d. bars.

CRICKET

THE FINEST BALL EVER BOWLED

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON



CONSTANTINE "THE GREAT" *Sport and General*

L. N. Constantine photographed during his magnificent innings of 103 in the West Indies versus Middlesex game. He also had the remarkable bowling analysis of 7 for 57. The West Indies won by three wickets

Who bowled it, I wonder? This question, I grant, is one rather suited to stimulate the fancy than to admit of a solution. Nevertheless, as any attempts at speculation must involve a cursory review of the centuries-old history of the famous game of Cricket, it may not be unprofitable to pursue the theme for a little.

In this matter, of course, as I hinted above, we are, and must be always, groping in the dark. Human glory is short-lived, and briefest of all is that of athletes. For a few years at best they stand upon a pinnacle of fame. Crowds roar applause at them and know their every gesture and every movement. Their pictures are seen in the illustrated Press. Small boys and maidens of tender years besiege them at the gate and pester them for autographs. Their names are household words.

Then the muscles stiffen, the eye grows dimmer, and their place knows them no more. Perhaps in after years, when they come to watch some game in the counterpart of which they have once gained glory, a contemporary may look on them and think regretfully, "Alas! for that grey shadow once a man!"

But for the most part they pass unrecognised in the crowd, and a new generation knows not their names. Thus swiftly does the great river of Oblivion sweep over everything, the paladins of Cricket included.

Fortunately for themselves, cricketers are, almost without exception, a level-headed and modest race. The uncertainty of the game and the constant companionship and rivalry with men as good as themselves tame their pride. They are content that they should "have their day and cease to be." Yet the great inventors and innovators of the game have earned a precarious survival, and it may be that by one of those that the finest ball ever delivered was bowled. For, if one comes to think of it, it may not be right, in estimating such a matter, only to calculate the particular ferocity of the ball itself.

The time and circumstances in which it sped on its fatal way must be carefully taken into consideration as well. Everything in this world is relative.

Think of the old days of Cricket, when the ball was delivered underhand from the full height of the bowler and shot from under the armpit like a bullet from a gun. No doubt it gained impetus by a sort of jerk and from the resistance of the body, much as we are told nowadays that a golf ball should be driven.

Some terrible balls must have been sent down in this manner on those natural pitches, and batsmen, neither gloved nor padded then, used to grind their bleeding fingers in the dust when struck. A tough race who had never heard of germs or tetanus.

Or what about the worthy so devoted to the game that all the winter he batted in a covered shed to the bowling of his wife?

She, in her feminine way, could not bowl underarm, the regulation method, but despatched her balls with a queer round-arm sweep which frequently baffled that ardent and experienced cricketer, her husband. No beastly pride about him, and he was not averse to learning from a woman—hence the introduction, they say, of round-arm bowling (the precursor of the over-arm fasts of to-day) into cricket, and a storm which fluttered the cricket dovecots of far-off years till the new methods were eventually legalised.

Or shall we come down almost to our own time and applaud the ingenious inventor of the "googly"? Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet has told in print how once in a Test Match in Australia he set himself to outwit he of the conquering name and conquering career—Victor Trumper. Almost with a prayer Mr. Bosanquet sent down the delusive ball, which looked as if it was about to turn from leg, but went straight on and, when the bat missed it, struck Trumper's pad; that pad was in front of his middle stump!

I have myself seen some wonderful balls sent down. I remember S. F. Barnes bowling H. W. Taylor for 29 in the first innings of South Africa *v.* England at Johannesburg in 1913 with a ball that would have bowled out anyone in the world. We were playing on matting, which, of course, gives much more assistance to the bowler than a good English turf wicket, and that day Barnes's leg spinners were absolutely unplayable, as in that match he had the splendid record of 17 wickets for 159 runs.

The ball pitched a foot outside the leg stump. Taylor, perhaps one of the greatest masters of leg play in the world, shaped to glance it to the boundary. Barnes's delivery, however, had such terrific spin that it shot between his legs and the bat like greased lightning and knocked down his off stump.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS

D. R. Jardine and A. P. F. Chapman, who are two of the best amateur batsmen of to-day. A. P. F. Chapman captained the English team and D. R. Jardine The Rest in the Test Trial match at Lord's

WOLSELEY

Speed . . .

Not the noisy rush of the racing car, but swift, silent and smooth progression, mile after mile, uphill and downhill, without effort or fatigue. As silky, as noiseless, as fully under control at 60 as at 6 miles an hour. This is only one of the attributes of the famous Wolseley range. A trial run, which we will arrange with pleasure at your convenience, will be a revelation to you. Catalogue upon request.

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THE ONLY CIGARETTES MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
IN PACKETS OF 10 for 6D., 20 for 1S. CARRERAS LTD. 140 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

FLYING NOTES

THE magnificent flight of Captain Kingsford-Smith from San Francisco to Australia, *via* Honolulu and the Fiji Islands, puts the Commonwealth definitely in the forefront of the flying nations. Following so quickly on the achievements of Bert Hinkler and Sir George Wilkins, it has stimulated public interest to such an extent that the Government's plans for the extension of air lines will have general approval. Less welcome to our prestige is the fact that this great flight was carried out on a Fokker machine built in the United States. Although Mr. A. V. Roe designed and built in 1912 the world's first aeroplane with an enclosed cabin, we have done nothing since that time to develop a type for which there is now a universal demand.

Wireless communication between machine and shore was maintained throughout the Pacific flight, and one can visualise the future when all aircraft, however small, will be in touch with the ground whenever they wish. The gallant General Nobile and his crew were able to make known their position by wireless, and arrangements were made to drop food to them by parachute from relief machines unable to land owing to pack ice. This expedient in the face of dire necessity will become a commonplace when mails and parcels are delivered on the doorstep from aeroplanes operating over sparsely populated districts abroad. Even passengers will be jettisoned through a trapdoor in the cabin provided that they sign a declaration in advance exonerating the company from all blame should the parachute fail to open.

Just twenty years ago Mr. A. V. Roe made his first flight, and M. Farman succeeded in clearing a line of balloons floating thirty feet above the ground in a flight from one end of the aerodrome to the other. Today we are within sight of the age when flying will be a universal means of communication, but we must be prepared to spend far more on its development if we are to retain our position as the world's transporters.

The Midland Aero Club's pageant at Castle Bromwich attracted a large crowd from Birmingham and the districts around, where flying has always been a great popular draw. The Air League Challenge Cup was won by H. Brooklyn, of the Halton Aero Club, and the race for the Midland Open Challenge Cup, over a distance of 25½ miles, by Captain Stack, whose time was just over 17 minutes. Handicapping was so good in all events that a matter of seconds only separated the first three machines. Two members of the Yorkshire Aeroplane Club went solo recently, one who had joined as a novice only three weeks before, and the other, Mr. Woolley, after a number of years' absence from flying. There are thousands of pilots in the country who have not touched the joystick since the War to whom the clubs offer an easy means of trying their hand at the odd landing once again. Those who do so find that flying is like swimming—quite a natural art and one which requires only a small amount of practice to regain proficiency.

GOING UP

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., about to take a flight in an Avro-Avian at the official opening of the Croydon Aerodrome. She is the first woman M.P. to have flown

Central Press

IN THE MIDLANDS

Miss Winifred Brown, of the Lancs Aero Club, at the Air Pageant at Castle Bromwich Aerodrome. Flying an Avro-Avian, she finished third in the Midland Inter-Club Handicap

One of the smartest "Moths" in the country is DCA, purchased by the Air Ministry for the personal use of the Director of Civil Aviation; it is sky-blue and silver, with a red lining and a polished cowl. The shape of an aeroplane seems to lend itself to a brilliant colour scheme far more readily than a car; or is it that

owners, feeling secure from the chalk marks of small boys, let themselves rip? That sinister and dowdy insect the moth would not recognise its smart mechanical namesake in butterfly's colours of scarlet and gold.

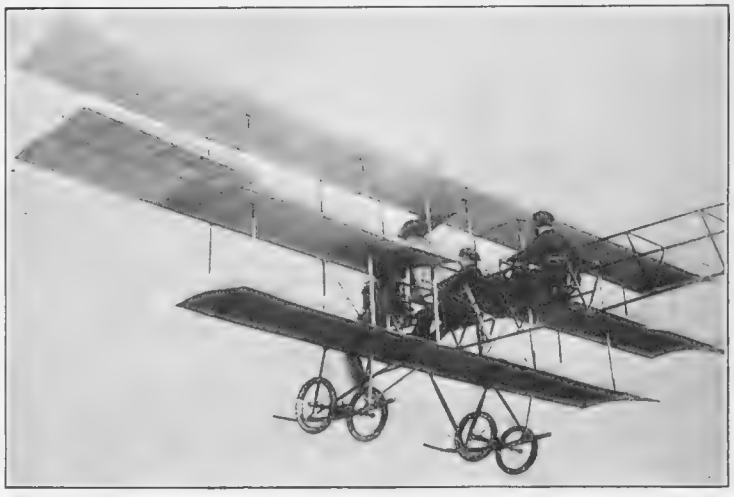
The June number of the "D.H. Gazette" gives a brief description and illustrations of some accessories which will be useful to all private owners and clubs. A handy tail trolley, wheel jacks, tail trestles to facilitate adjustments and cleaning, portable chocks and screw pickets for the week-end, and telephones for polite conversation and otherwise are included. A home was offered for sale the other day, complete with garage for car and aeroplane. How many people realise that a light 'plane is much more manœuvrable on the ground than a car? Lady Heath gave an exhibition at Croydon two years ago at the Imperial Conference display, when she wheeled out her machine, opened the folding wings, started her engine and flew away. A press-button starter was the only thing absent from the demonstration, and now that Mr. Heywood has arrived in this country there will be no necessity to dope the engine and swing the "prop" in future, because his starter will become standard as it has done in America.

Messrs. A. V. Roe point out that subsequent developments of the 504K are still the standard training machines for the Royal Air Force, and many military and naval air services throughout the world. The Gnome, le Rhône, and Clerget rotaries, economical in weight but extravagant with petrol and pure castor oil, have been superseded by radial engines giving a better performance.

An international light plane exhibition is to be held at Whiteley's during August to inaugurate an aeroplane department. German, French, Dutch and American machines will be on view, and there will be an historical display of models.

"Airmen or Noahs," by Rear-Admiral Murray Suetor, C.B., was written partly to refute certain theories advanced last year by an anonymous writer, "Neon," in "The Great Delusion." Admiral Suetor challenges theory with fact, and traces our evolution in the air since aviation started.

C. E. Ward.



A MEMORY OF THE PAST

Mr. A. V. Roe carrying a passenger on the Avro Triplane fitted with a 35 h.p. Green engine which he flew at the Blackpool Meeting in 1910. A pioneer of aviation, Mr. Roe made his first flight twenty years ago this month

It's service that counts!

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Telephone: Regent 7861
—or any Travel Agency.

C.F.11.

Type J1 for all AUSTIN Models. 6/- each.

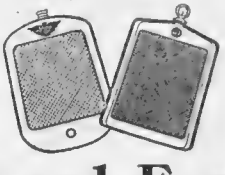
The Austin Plug

"After running my Austin Seven 700 miles, I changed the original plugs for K·L·G J1 type, and I am astounded at the difference. It has given the car a much better slow running performance, a considerably improved acceleration and smoother running generally."
Recent Testimonial.

The Morris Plug

K·L·G plugs are standard equipment on all Morris Oxford cars and have been so for the last seven years. The Cowley owner should give his engine the same advantage enjoyed by the "Oxford"; the advantage of a plug as good as can be made.

Type G2 with long reach, for MORRIS Models. 6/- each.



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SPARKING PLUGS

The Choice of Capt. Malcolm Campbell and Mr. Bert Hinkler, A.F.C.

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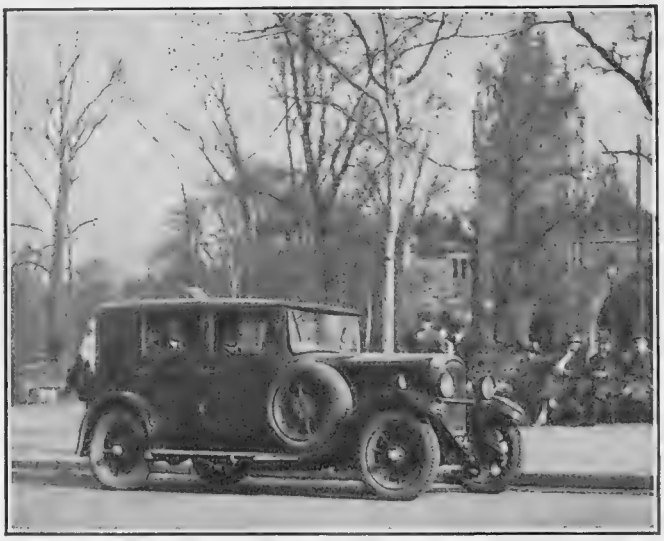
THE RIGHT CIGARETTE—IN THE RIGHT COMPANY

Only one cigarette could have inspired "Rilette" to draw this idyllic scene. Can you guess its name?

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT



TOURING EUROPE

Mr. D. H. Noble at the wheel of his Rover Six during a European tour. The photograph was taken in the Stadt Park, in Budapest

SINCE I referred recently to the Wolseley Straight Eight, I have had an opportunity of trying this very interesting car. The design and layout, it will be remembered, are almost exactly the same as that of the 16-45 h.p. six-cylinder car of this make, which the makers advertise (with every justification) as the Silent Six. Its general performance, therefore, may be taken for granted. What the average reader probably wants to know is what advantages the extra two cylinders bring. In brief, they may be summed up as slightly more power and, consequently, better top gear performance, and noticeably smoother running, *i.e.*, less vibration—though it seems almost cruelty to imply that there was any at all with the Six. With the best of sixes there is a slight tremor when the throttle is opened to accelerate from a very low engine speed. On an eight there should be none; on this Wolseley Eight there is no vibration at any speed.

***

BETTER acceleration is available, yet it is so smooth as almost to need the evidence of a stop watch. The Six was good on top; the Eight is better. You can do without gear changing, but, of course, as on any car, it is better if you use the gear ratios provided, which, by the way, are excellently chosen. While the car will not do much above 55 m.p.h. on top, it will do considerably over 40 m.p.h. on third. It is even more silent than the "Silent Six," not even the hiss of the incoming air being audible. I tested this very minutely; conclusive proof is when one can switch off the engine for a coast and not notice any appreciable change in the total volume of sound. The saloon referred to is beautifully finished inside and out, and amongst minor features is the new Lucas high-frequency horn which has a most melodious note.

***

IN a letter on the subject of hotel charges during the period of the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race on the 18th August next, Mr. E. D. Meade Brown, the president of the Belfast and North of Ireland Hotel Association, waxes indignant at the suggestion that exorbitant charges are going to be made by hotelkeepers. "The charge," he says, "which any hotel of standing will make for race week can be obtained by anyone on inquiry at that hotel, when it will at once be apparent that charges will be extremely reasonable." The Ulster Tourist Development Association, 5, Donegal Square South, Belfast, is compiling a register of all hotel and private accommodation available in Belfast, Newtownards, Comber, and other towns convenient to the course, and will send particulars, prices, etc., on application.

***

A NEW note in literature for motorists is struck in the Spare Parts Book of the Singer Senior car, which has just been

(*Continued on page* vi)

Rolls-Royce Recommend

Wakefield Castrol

IT is fitting that the Manufacturers of ROLLS-ROYCE, the Aristocrat of Cars, should recommend Wakefield CASTROL, the Aristocrat of Lubricants.

The reputation of Wakefield CASTROL is unassailable. In tests of speed, endurance and reliability, this famous lubricant is the first choice of the Experts.

Over 230 Motor Manufacturers, including Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., show their recognition of these facts by recommending its use.

You may not own a Rolls-Royce, but you can use a lubricant of the same irreproachable quality—

ENGINE
Use Wakefield CASTROL XL.
GEAR BOX AND REAR AXLE
Use Wakefield CASTROL "S".
CHASSIS
Use Wakefield CASTROLEASE.
(Medium)

WAKEFIELD
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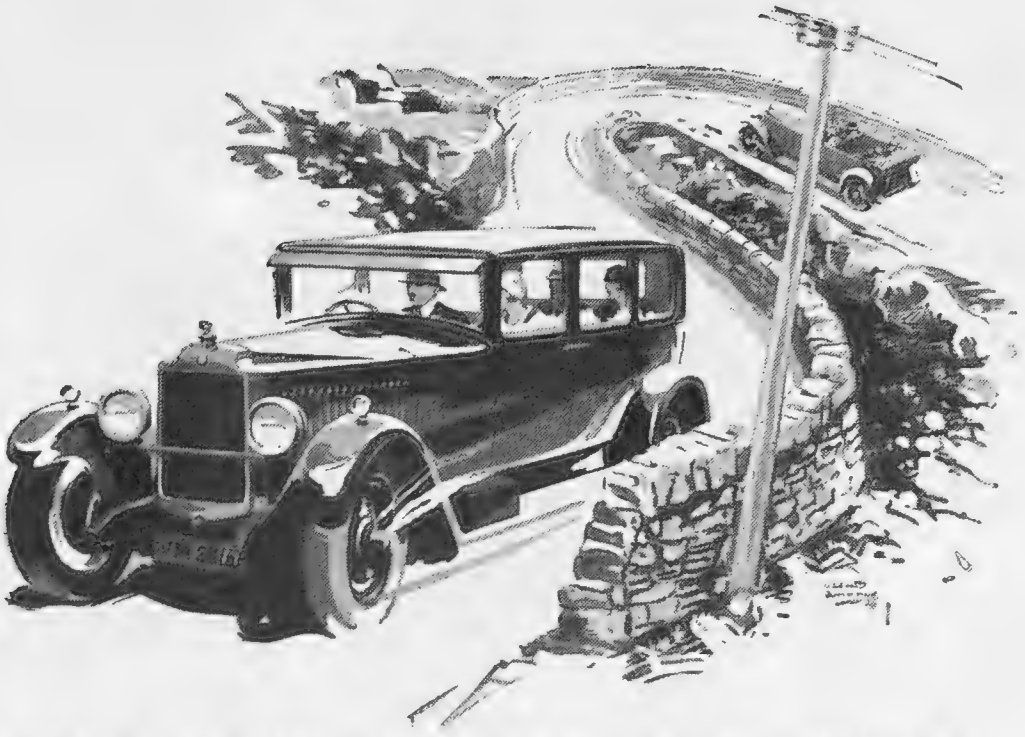


FAST, COMFORTABLE, ECONOMICAL—

a giant of reliability—the Vauxhall 20-60 can make this summer a landmark in the record of your pleasure.

On it you may go anywhere. It will serve you faithfully throughout the longest tour at home or abroad.

Its mechanical elements you may forget: a sense of its reliability and complete obedience to your will alone will remain.

You will find it trouble-free. Massive construction and accuracy of machining and fitting ensure this. A wide range of suitable lubricants ensures supply in the remotest districts, and the efficient development of engine power does not depend upon the use of a particular fuel. There is not a car which calls for less attention.

PRINCETON TOURER £475 BEDFORD SALOON £495

Other types of equal value. Write for illustrated literature.

Vauxhall

The six superexcellent 20–60

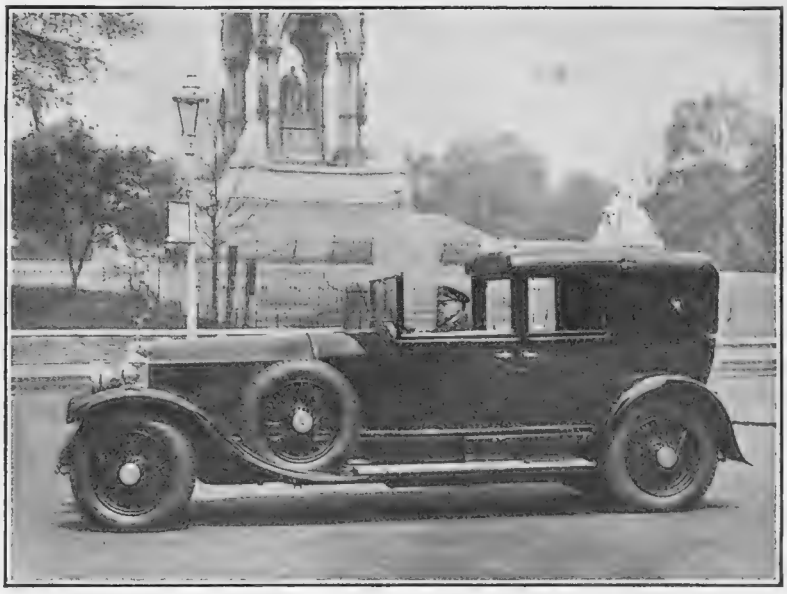
VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED LUTON – BEDFORDSHIRE

R 41

issued. This, indeed, is a genuine book, for it contains 80 pages and includes over six hundred illustrations. The book differs from most spare part lists in that it is quite easy to understand! Every single part of the car is detailed, coded and priced, and almost every part is illustrated. The new Spare Parts Book costs a shilling. It is worth it, and every Singer owner should get one. A book for the Junior car is being prepared on similar lines, and will be issued shortly

***

IT is seldom, I regret to say, that time passes so pleasantly at Press demonstrations as it did on the recent occasion when Mr. D. H. Noble, of the Rover Company, organised a little outing to Brooklands to show us a few stunts with the standard 16-50 h.p. Rover Six. Mr. D. H. Noble never puts up a show that is not of definite practical value to the private owner-driver, as witness his "£5 note" trials of the Rover Nine and, later, the Ten. So this latest demonstration was intended to bring out the points in the car that are of real value to the ordinary motorist, such as engine power and flexibility, smoothness of clutch, braking power, and petrol consumption. In the first of the tests we were treated to the unique sight of a saloon car turning slow circles on the track, in top gear, with no one at the wheel. In the second we were shown the same car pulling itself and a Rover Ten saloon up the test hill on its standard bottom gear. In the next the car was asked to bring to rest and hold stationary both itself and the aforesaid Ten saloon on the worst part of the test hill—and in both directions, up and down.



A HANDSOME MODEL

A Barker Sedancalet on a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis photographed in front of the Albert Memorial. The de Ville extension rolled back over the driving seat is to be noted

***

THE Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., celebrated its coming of age on June 7, William Hillman, who died several years ago, having founded the firm in 1907. The first car made was actually entered for the Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man, in which classic event it made a record lap; and the first entry in the books of the Company was the entrance fee for the T.T. The first cars, for the design of which Louis Coatalen was largely responsible, were of 25 h.p. These were dropped in favour of the famous 9 h.p. pre-war models. It was in 1925 that the Hillman Fourteen made its first bow to the public, since when production has been doubled each year It was on this car that one of the first medium-sized saloons at a medium price was produced, so it is not surprising that, while the average proportion of saloons to tourers in Great Britain is in the neighbourhood of 2 to 1, the Hillman figures show a proportion of 10 to 1.

E. M. WRIGHT.

Tar on the car, grease on the clothes, oil on the stockings—soiled but not spoiled, for Thawpit removes them all. Instantly. Completely. Safely. Keep a bottle handy—on the garage shelf.

THAWPIT
THE GUARANTEED NON-INFLAMMABLE GREASE REMOVER

In 4/- Tins and in bottles at 1/6 and 2/3

Obtainable from all Factors, Garages, and from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and all leading chemists, grocers, stores, etc. In case of difficulty write to address below for sample bottle, 1/6 postfree.

THAWPIT Ltd., Dept. 18, Astor House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

BOLLINGER'S

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

CHAMPAGNE

"SPECIAL CUVÉE" RECOMMENDED.

ROWLAND'S

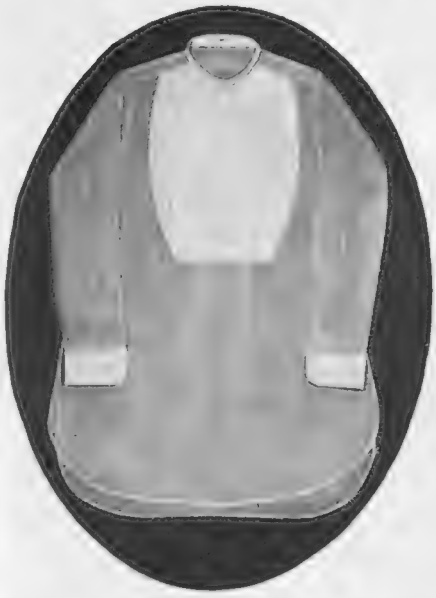
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes also effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

"Gossamatex"

Registered No. 454237 and in U.S.A. by T. M. Lewin.



"GOSSAMATEX" is the finest, thinnest and lightest shirting ever produced, keeping the wearer as cool as it is possible to be in the Hottest Climes, yet affording adequate protection in Cold or variable temperatures

'Gossamatex" is entirely an English production, and can only be compared with the "finest silk," to which it is infinitely superior, less expensive and stronger, whilst washing actually improves its texture, and it neither becomes "greasy" nor "clinging."

"Gossamatex" is a rapid absorber and dries quickly—factors of the utmost importance in keeping the skin healthy and functioning normally—it never strikes "cold" to the body, but gives perfect personal comfort such as no other fabric does!

"GOSSAMATEX" is made exclusively for, and is obtainable only from—

ESTABLISHED 1898. **T.M.Lewin** T. M. LEWIN, T. LEWIN, G. J. LEWIN } SONS

39, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

All smoking affects the Throat!

Pipe, cigar or cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. To prevent this, take an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

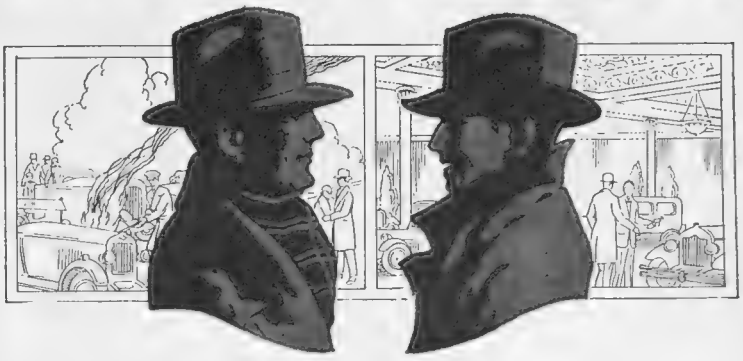
Your Chemist Stocks them

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz.	8d.
4 oz.	1/3
8 oz.	2/3
1 lb.	4/3

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

Talks on Safer-Motoring—No. 8



1st Motorist: "Got the new car running ready for the holidays?"

2nd Motorist: "Yes, old man, we are off on Friday."

"And you're doing the same trip we did last year? Don't forget my experience!"

"What happened?"

"Why, when we got right on to the top of the moor, the car suddenly burst into flames. We scrambled out and had to stand helplessly watching her burn; but luckily a motor coach swung round the bend just in time, and the driver jumped down with his 'PYRENE' Fire Extinguisher and saved the car—and our holiday. Of course, I bought a 'PYRENE' Extinguisher when we reached the next town, which, incidentally, was seven miles away."

"Jolly glad you reminded me. I must get a 'PYRENE' Extinguisher, too. I had their Bumpers fitted when I ordered the new car."

Standard Model

New Junior Model for Light Cars

BUY FROM YOUR GARAGE, IRONMONGER OR STORES

IMPROVED **Pyrene** TRADE MARK **FIRE EXTINGUISHER**

The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is universally recognised as the standard form of fire protection for all motor vehicles. The double-acting hand pump does not depend upon maintained pressure. It throws at any angle, and with any side up, a continuous jet of liquid which instantly overcomes petrol fires. Fitted to all Government, L.G.O.C. and other leading Bus and Transport Companies' vehicles. Has saved thousands of motor cars from destruction by fire.

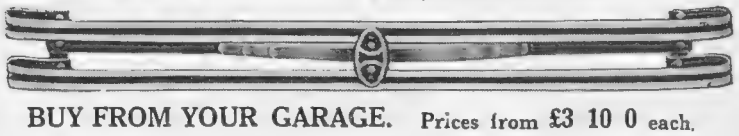
Write for Folder By/F.

PRICES: **Standard Model**, filled and complete. Polished Brass, **55/-**. Nickel or Black plated, **60/-** **Junior Model** for light cars. Nickel-plated finish only, filled and complete **35/-**

Pyrene TRADE MARK **BUMPERS** *"The Bumper with the Leaf Spring Buffer"*

Pyrene Bumpers are scientifically designed to minimise the danger of accidents. Handsomely finished in nickel and black. Three sizes to suit cars of various weights. Fender Guards to match for rear. Brackets for almost every make of car.

Write for Folder By/B



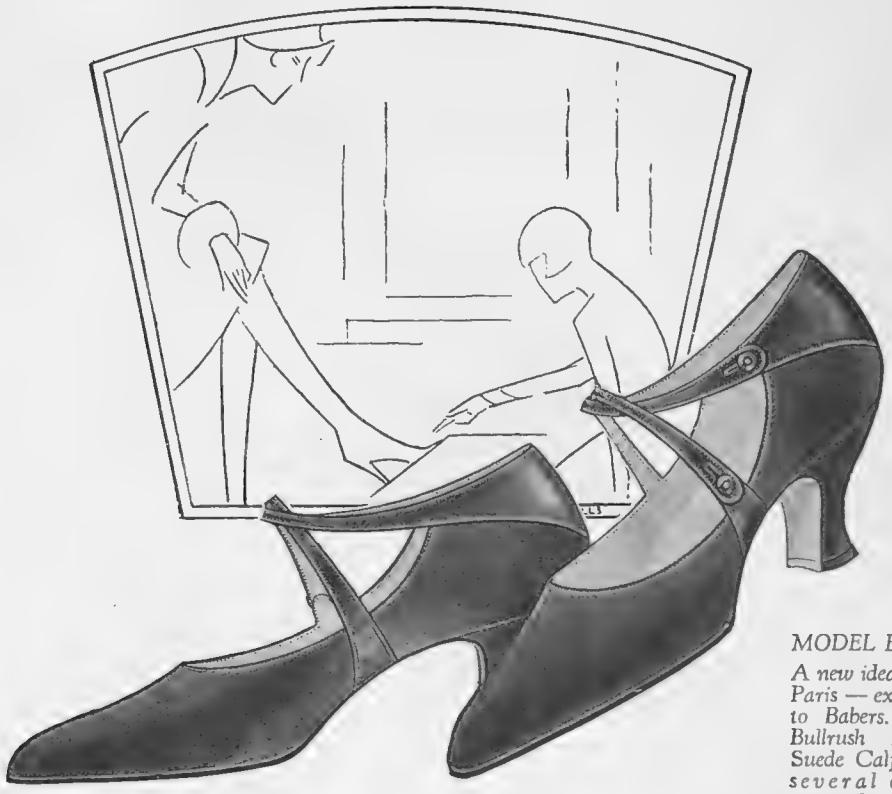
BUY FROM YOUR GARAGE. **Prices from £3 10 0 each.**

Junior Pyrene Bumpers for MORRIS Cars, front and rear, complete, **£5 10 0.** Ditto for ESSEX Cars, **£5 15 0**

THE PYRENE COMPANY LIMITED,
9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

Telephone: Victoria 8592 (4 lines). *Telegrams: "Pyrenextin, Sowest, London."*

"THE SCIENTIFIC SERVICE BEHIND THE FASHIONABLE SHOE."



MODEL E.1365.
A new idea from Paris — exclusive to Babers. In Bullrush Brown Suede Calf, and several other materials.

Assistants specially trained in fitting

THE exquisite creations of the shoe designer would be of little avail without the scientific knowledge which enables Babers to make and fit them correctly.

Even the careful construction and the minute variations in fittings would be useless, without a staff of assistants specially trained in the method of selection.

At Babers the exclusive model of your choice is available in over one hundred varying lengths and widths, and the fitting is by a trained assistant.

There are qualified consultants who will advise or check where necessary.

This is the Service for which the name "Pedapta" stands. For it no extra charge is made

PEDAPTA
Babers

BABERS *of* 309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Babers Ltd., Jersey.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Safeguard your complexion by the use of the famous Freckle Cream sponsored by Nan Stuart, 28, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

Ensembles Rule the Waves

It's a dilatory woman, indeed, who isn't considering the question of her beach trousseau, for each season bathing kit is becoming more important and, in tune with the prevailing fashion at the moment, "Three-pieces" rule the waves just as they do the land! One sees, for instance, a swimming suit of artificial silk, over which is worn a *crêpe de Chine* jumper in a contrasting colour, the flowered satin coat, three-quarter-length, that completes the *ensemble*, being lined with the same fabric as the jumper. Thus modern woman presents a most attractive figure on the beach, both before and after her swim. Stockinette "swimmers" are completed by matching sleeveless coats, built on cardigan lines, and the voluminous wraps of Turkish and Terry towelling, sometimes plain, sometimes patterned, invariably blend in colour with the bathing costumes with which they are destined to be worn.

Accessories for Swimmers

But it is not only with her suit and wrap that the well-dressed swimmer is concerned! She has to think of her cap, a becoming rubber affair, or of the "fisherman" variety, carried out in silk—those who dive prefer the rubber helmet—likewise of her flower, for the most natural looking blossoms bloom in rubber on the up-to-date bathing suit; also of her shoes, usually made of gaily coloured rubber; *and* of her parasol—the very latest are of hand-painted raffia.

Beach Pyjama Suits

And last, but not least, she must become the possessor of some glorified pyjama suits, destined for wear on the beach. One of these newcomers, of the "Kate Greenaway" type, has a jumper of shell-pink georgette, trousers of flowered *crêpe de Chine*, and black satin braces *appliqué* with coloured silk flowers. Black taffeta, black velvet, and gold braid combine to form another. Others, in printed artificial silk, present the gayest of appearances to the world, sometimes with floral designs, sometimes with those of the "amusing" variety.

Bathing Kit Up to Date

Beach suits, swimming costumes, indeed, all that pertains to bathing kit, are seen in their most attractive aspect at Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., who sponsor the attractive models shown below. The left-hand one is carried out in black and green silk stockinette (49*s.* 6*d.*), and worn with it is a bath wrap patterned with roses on a white ground (39*s.* 6*d.*). The suit on the right, of rayon bouclé, priced at 39*s.* 6*d.*, has "shorts" of deep red, and its patterned "top" in a lighter shade has a fitted *brassière* attached. Red and apple, and royal and primrose, are some of the other colourings in which it can be obtained, and the same model in cotton tricot costs 14*s.* 9*d.*

Sketched at Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., a bathing suit of green and black silk stockinette, worn under a rose-patterned bathing-wrap—

—And a "swimmer" of rayon bouclé in two shades, the top complete with fitted brassière

Sketches by Booda

An outside sun-blind makes all the difference in the world to comfort in the hot weather. Messrs. Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W.1

Beauty and the Summer

IT is in the summer, when bathing and other outdoor amusements are on the *tapis,* that those who take thought for their appearance seek anxiously for a preparation that will prevent sunburn and freckling . . . to be found in the marvellous Freckle Cream, sponsored by Nan Stuart, 28, George Street, Hanover Square, W., and those who use it regularly need not fear exposure for their skins. Her famous Blackhead Cream is another speciality, for which the feminine contingent has cause to be thankful; nothing is more unsightly than blackheads, particularly prevalent in dry, dusty weather. Nan Stuart's Salons are very rightly named "L'Institut de Beauté de l'Elégance," for every variety of face, neck, hand, arm, and hair treatment is carried out in its most up-to-date and scientific aspect. Her face treatment aims not at merely covering up defects but at actually improving the texture of the skin, and under its auspices double chins are reduced, wrinkles vanish, and enlarged pores disappear. In her Hairdressing Department the "perfect shingle" is achieved, and artists in tinting, permanent waving, etc., study the characteristics of each individual client and obtain the happiest of results.

The New Idea in Sports Suits

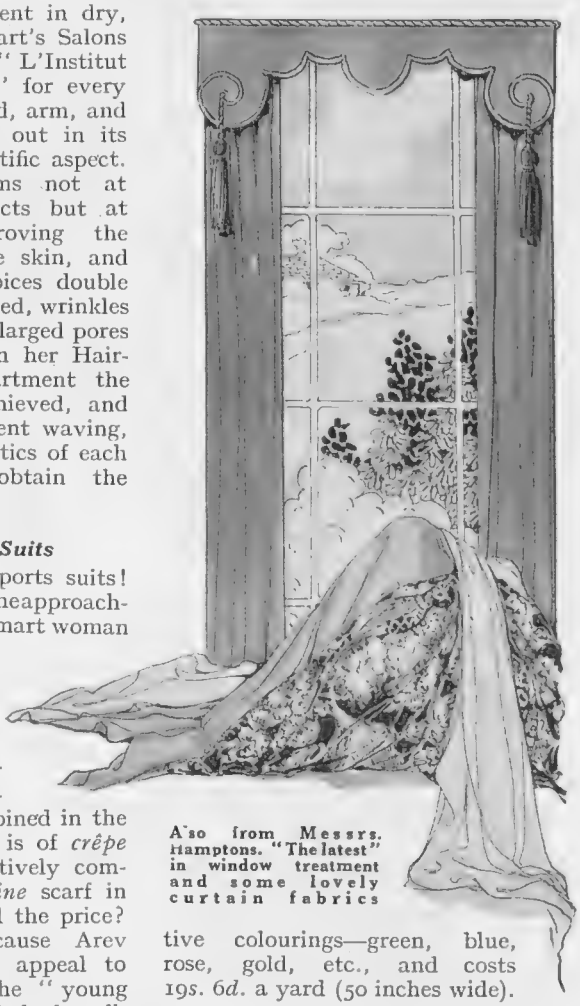
SOMETHING original in sports suits! That is what, in view of the approaching holiday season, every smart woman wants and will find at Arev, 1, Sloane Street, S.W. See, for instance, the delightful affair, sketched on this page, expressed in wine-colour and beige; silk and lace-wool are attractively combined in the jumper, the pleated skirt is of *crêpe de Chine,* and it is effectively completed by a *crêpe de Chine* scarf in the same colourings. And the price? Only 8½ guineas! Because Arev specialises in prices that appeal to girls on allowance and the "young marrieds," who must needs look well-dressed without spending much money, she makes up customers' own materials. Her workrooms are on the premises, and to every client, whether the order is large or small, she gives her individual attention. During her Sale, which is just beginning and will last for a month, perfectly cut tailor-made suits will be priced from 7½ guineas, and hats from 35*s.* And these are only some of many tempting opportunities.

Crêpe de Chine and lace-wool carry out an effective sports suit from Arev, 1, Sloane Street, S.W., with matching crêpe de Chine scarf

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Summer Clothes for the House

IN buying one's own summer outfit it should always be borne in mind that the house, with the bright sunlight showing up the manifold imperfections that pass unnoticed in the winter, is probably in need of a new outfit too. This its owner will be well advised to purchase at Messrs. Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W.1, where wonderful value, combined with artistic designs, can be obtained in furniture, curtains, carpets, fabrics, indeed, in all "furnishings" that pertain to the home. Take the question of window treatment, for instance—all-important as the season advances; and the "view beyond" calls particular attention to the arrangement of curtains, etc. Illustrated here (below) is an example of Messrs. Hamptons' artistic curtaining, the fabric employed, unfadable, and lending itself admirably to soft, graceful draping, being "Welbeck" artificial silk velvet. It is obtainable in various effective colourings—green, blue, rose, gold, etc., and costs 19*s.* 6*d.* a yard (50 inches wide).



Also from Messrs. Hamptons. "The latest" in window treatment and some lovely curtain fabrics

Unfadable Curtain Fabrics

ANOTHER lovely fabric, also unfadable, and particularly suitable for curtains, is Hamptons' "Belvoir" printed linen, which, produced on five different backgrounds, and priced at 5*s.* 11*d.* a yard (31 inches wide), is a fine example of surface printing, with all the charm and beauty of hand-block work. "Vandyke" velour (6*s.* 6*d.* a yard, 48 inches wide) is also most attractive; likewise the new shot artificial silk taffetas (11*s.* 9*d.* a yard, 50 inches wide. Messrs. Hamptons are also specialists in the manufacture of window blinds. Note the sketch on this page (top left) of a delightful type of outside blind that in hot weather makes all the difference in the world to comfort. Messrs. Hamptons will send a catalogue (of any department) free on application.

TRADE MARK

'CELANESE' Fabrics

Here is the Going-away Gown. The one garment of the day that won't present a problem. Just a simple ensemble. Made up in two 'Celanese' Fabrics. Easy to choose . . . the same counter displays the full range. Easy to match up . . . since the same shades can be traced in them all.

Whether it is the shimmering Marocain which best becomes you, or the Crepe Malika with its egg-shell like dullness . . . with it you will wear the newest of Printed Fabrics . . . the exquisite Crepe Bayardo. The quaint conceit that makes 'Celanese' Printed designs so singularly attractive gives this softest of all crepes a pattern of chain armour.

Make fullest use of this versatile range. Prove the durability of 'Celanese.' See how well it washes. Keep the Shade Card for constant reference. There are seventeen different fabrics in no less than 28 shades. Let us send it to you—free.

Posed by Miss Josephine Wilson in Messrs. Thornton-Smith's Houses in Soho Square.

THE 'CELANESE' FASHION BOOK

With an opening chapter by the Editor of "Vogue." It tells you just what is being worn . . . and how to make it. We will send it to you free on request.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: BRITISH CELANESE, LTD. (DEPT. 33), CELANESE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Panatropes for the Home

At a lunch held last week at the Savoy Hotel by the British Brunswick, Ltd., Sir Alan Burgoyne gave details of a new model of the Panatrope which is shortly to be put on the market. In his speech, the first part of which was delivered by Panatrope, Sir Alan said that the new model would cost considerably less than a good-class mechanical gramophone, and, if necessary, could be purchased on the deferred payment system. The Panatrope, of course, is an appliance which plays by electrical means records which have been recorded electrically, and is capable of reproducing sounds from those of a full orchestra down to that of a whisper. Some idea of the rapid growth of this company may be gained from the fact that it was started some two years ago with a capital of £10,000, and is now capitalised at £1,000,000.

This Way for Witches

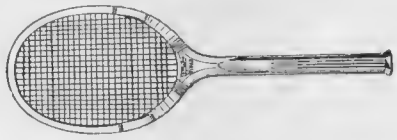
"At the foot of the Mendips, where the British and Saxon kingdoms were divided by the River Axe, and almost within sight of the towers of Wells Cathedral, lies the village of Wookey Hole." So starts Mr. Alan Bell's excellent little booklet, "The Witch of Wookey Hole," published by G. W. Hodgkinson, Wookey Hole, Somerset. Wookey Hole, whose very name suggests "ghosts, goblins and ghouls," is an enchanting spot in an enchanting county, and it possesses a cave, a subterranean river and an undissolving effigy of stone, so it is complete in the properties of witchcraft. Although permission has always been given for visitors wishing to see Wookey Hole Cave, it is only recently that the way has been smoothed and steps cut in the slopes. Wookey (one mile) and Wells (two miles) are the nearest railway stations, and two refreshment houses, to seat 250 people, have been built in the glen. Mr. Bell's booklet makes most entertaining reading, and it has the additional attraction of being illustrated by John Hassall at his best.

A PRIZE-WINNER

A charming corner in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society's Show at Chelsea. This exhibit, which was schemed and constructed by Gaze's, the well-known garden craftsmen and designers, of Kingston-on-Thames, was awarded a silver cup

That New Racket

The lawn tennis season is now in full swing, and those who are faced with the problem of buying new rackets cannot go far wrong if they visit H. Lenglen, Ltd., 14, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, E.C.4. By concentrating on two models only and selling direct to the player,



LENGLEN'S "VIVAX"

An excellent racket that costs only 30/-

Messrs. H. Lenglen, Ltd., have effected substantial economies, resulting in the production of the "Vivax" and "Vivax Plus" at 30s. and 45s. respectively. Both these rackets, the "Vivax Plus" in particular, have been carried to victory in numerous tournaments, and every racket carries a signed guarantee against breakage to strings or frames. Messrs. Lenglen will willingly send either model to BYSTANDER readers on free approval. Tennis balls and all accessories are also supplied at competitive prices.

The Wee Course at Gleneagles

The news that another golf course is to be opened at Gleneagles will be of considerable interest to golfers. The Wee Course, as it is named, is a nine hole course intended to relieve pressure at holiday time on the famous King's and Queen's courses. Gordon Lockhart, who is responsible for the layout, is designing it for men who appreciate the artistry of the game. Bunkers and traps have been cunningly placed. Even the scratch player will not find it by any means a simple course, though, on the other hand, it is not so heartlessly bunkered as to cause despair to the less accomplished golfer.

But for her Nose —perfect

The nose can be straightened and beautified (as shown in this illustration) and the contour of the face made perfect—by a scientific, brief, safe and painless treatment given by a highly skilful and experienced Continental specialist. 10,000 people have passed through the Hystogen Institute and gone out with improved features to enjoy good looks.

He corrects at once and permanently:—imperfect noses, outstanding ears, thick lips, pouches under the eyes, lines or wrinkles around the eyes, sagging cheeks, double chins and all complexion troubles such as acne, red veins, large pores, freckles, moles, etc., etc.

HYSTOGEN

ESTABLISHED 1910

Consultations are free. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Telephone: Mayfair 5846. Make up your mind to call for a consultation with the Specialist or write for literature.

40, BAKER STREET, LONDON W.1.

Look for Film

(Run your tongue across your teeth and feel it!)

That's what makes your teeth look "off-colour." That's what invites decay

Please make this remarkable dental test, which gives "off-colour" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing that dingy film.

IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-colour" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on a healthy coral tint.

Film . . . the trouble

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them. That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-colour" look. It is a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums soft and toneless.*

New methods remove it and firm the gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

What you see when film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt Get a tube from your chemist to day.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

2078

HIGH-CLASS MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

ALSO OBJECTS OF FINE ART.

The whole to be sold quite regardless of present-day value and in most cases
ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

including many items from the following important Collections :—

Viscount Leverhulme (deceased), Pantia Ralli.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., deceased ; The Rt. Hon. Lord Grantlye (from Red Rice, Hants) ; Earl of Essex (from The Cassiobury Park Collection) ; The "Agnew" Collection, and many others.

ON SALE DAILY FROM 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

ANTIQUE DOUBLE TALLBOY and LOW CHESTS, FINE ANTIQUE WARDROBES, Bow front and other chests, ranging from **5 Guineas. OLD BUFFETS** as dressing tables, from **3 Guineas. ANTIQUE FOUR-POST CANOPY-TOP BEDS** in Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other styles.
COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES comprising large Wardrobe, Dressing Chest, Washing Stand, &c., of very uncommon design in solid oak, from **10 Guineas.**
MAHOGANY BEDROOM SUITES of Old English style, 12 guineas. **COMPLETE SUITES** in Sheraton and Chippendale Style at 15 guineas. Magnificent sets of rich Satinwood and Silver Ash, Black and Gold Lacquer of Chinese taste, French Louis XV lacquered and gilt, up to 700 guineas.
DINING-ROOM, RECEPTION ROOM, and LIBRARY FURNITURE, &c., including shaped front **CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD,** 16 guineas. **COMPLETE SET OF DINING CHAIRS,** including Carving Chairs, Chippendale style, 18 guineas. Extending Dining Table, en suite, £7 15s. Complete Reception Room Sets, with Antique-style Oak Dressers, offered at the extremely low figure of 10 guineas.
A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of 6 small and 2 carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot.
SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS at 37s. 6d. each, with finely sprung Chesterfield Settee at 5 guineas each.
PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, Bluthner, Bechstein, &c., a fine tone Cottage Pianoforte being offered at 20 guineas, and a superb nearly new Baby Grand at 75 guineas.
CARPETS of every make and size. Turkey, Persian, Indian, &c. Fine Aubusson Tapestries, Cut Glass, Silver and Plate. Quantity of Table and Bed Linen, &c.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (R) FREE ON APPLICATION.
Delivery to any part, or can remain warehoused free 12 months ; payment when delivery required.

SPECIAL DEPOSITORIES FOR
Furniture, Works of Art, &c. Removals to any part of the World. Estimates Free. Customers' own goods and effects disposed of in our Depositories at 10% commission or large quantities by special arrangement.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.,
48, 50, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59 & 60, PARK STREET, UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. King of Spain.

'Buses Nos. 144a, 43a, 143a, 143f, 4a, 19 and 30 pass the door. Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.

When replying to advertisements, please mention

THE BYSTANDER

To ensure prompt attention.

Blood Pressure:

Watch Your Liver

In cases of high blood-pressure and other incipient arterial trouble, it is often the liver and kidneys that are at fault. When these important organs of elimination function indifferently the blood becomes overloaded with poisons that cause blood-pressure, insomnia, and uric acid diseases.

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RUB 1 lb. of turbot through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of breadcrumbs which have been cooked in milk and drained as dry as possible, a teaspoonful of Worcester Sauce, a teaspoonful of cream, a little salt, cayenne, and a pinch of mace. Then stir in the beaten whites of four eggs, turn into a mould, and steam for twenty minutes Pour round a thick cheese sauce, and serve very hot.

Ham and Tomatoes

Fry some nicely trimmed slices of ham, and when ready place in a hot dish on the top of the stove. Have ready peeled four tomatoes; place these with a teaspoonful of minced onion in the frying-pan from which the ham has just been taken; season with pepper and salt, and add a gill of water. Dredge in a little flour, stir all together till the sauce becomes perfectly smooth and thick, and add a few drops of browning. Pour round the ham and serve with peas.

Eggs and Mushrooms

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, and when melted stir into it one tablespoonful of flour; blend well, and then add half a pint of brown stock, a few mushrooms cut in dice, salt and pepper. Allow these ingredients to simmer for ten minutes, then add six hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Boil up and serve.

Fricasséed Sweetbread

Place on a hot dish some rounds of toast with a slice of fried bacon on each. Parboil a sweetbread, cut it into slices (after skinning), and fry it in bacon fat. Arrange this on the dish with the bacon and toast. Melt a little butter, add a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce and the juice of half a lemon; stir, pour over the sweetbread, and serve.

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Take one and a half dozen of picked prawns and a cupful of cooked peas. Make a mayonnaise sauce and mix with the prawns and peas, adding any other cooked vegetables, such as French beans and minced raw tomato. Peel a cucumber, cut it into blocks, and place in vinegar and water. Then hollow out the inside and fill with the mayonnaise. Set on ice, and serve in a green salad garnished with sliced tomato. EMILIA.

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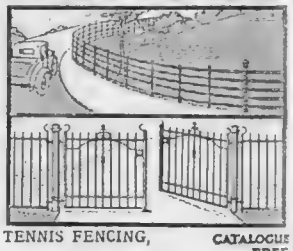

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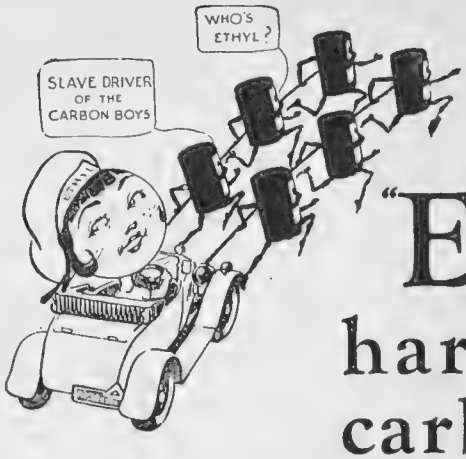

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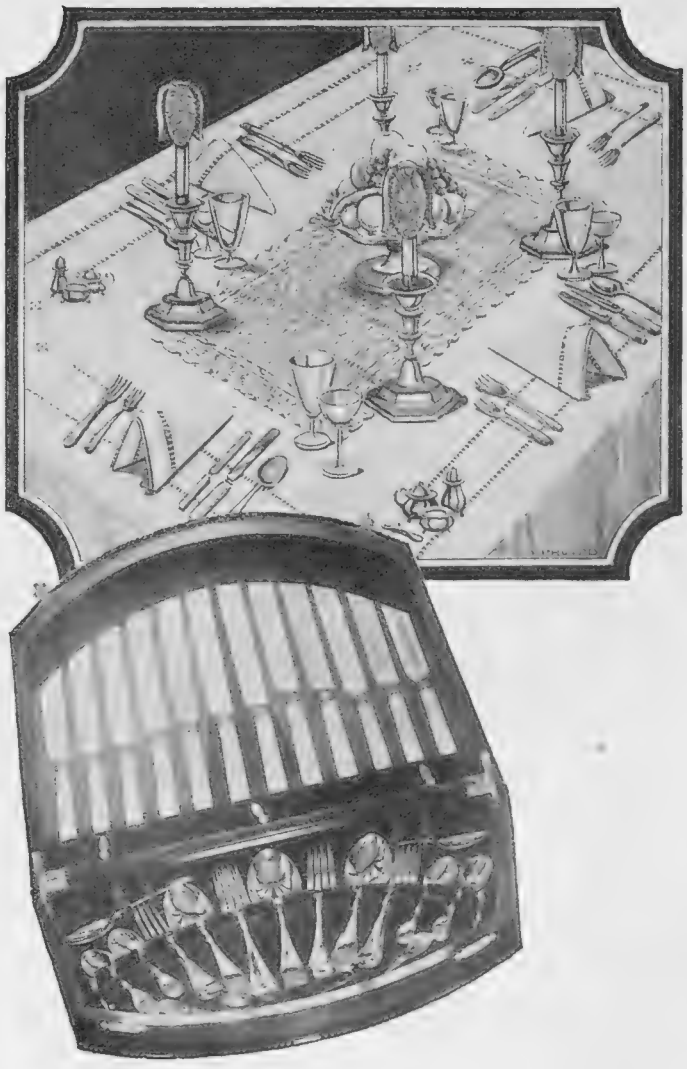

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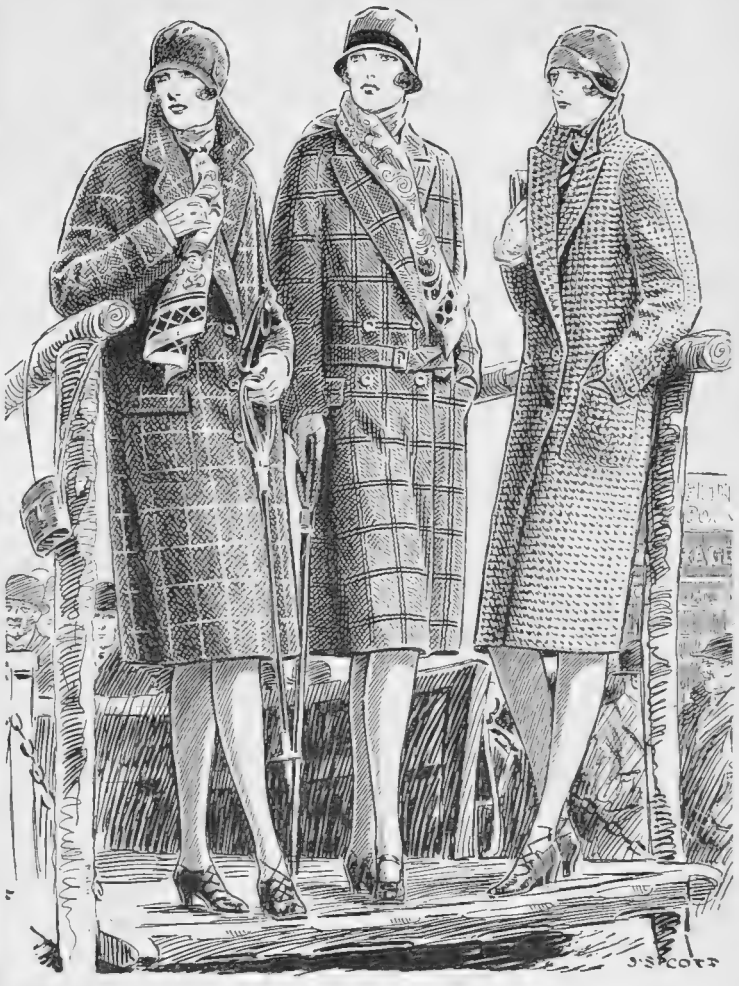

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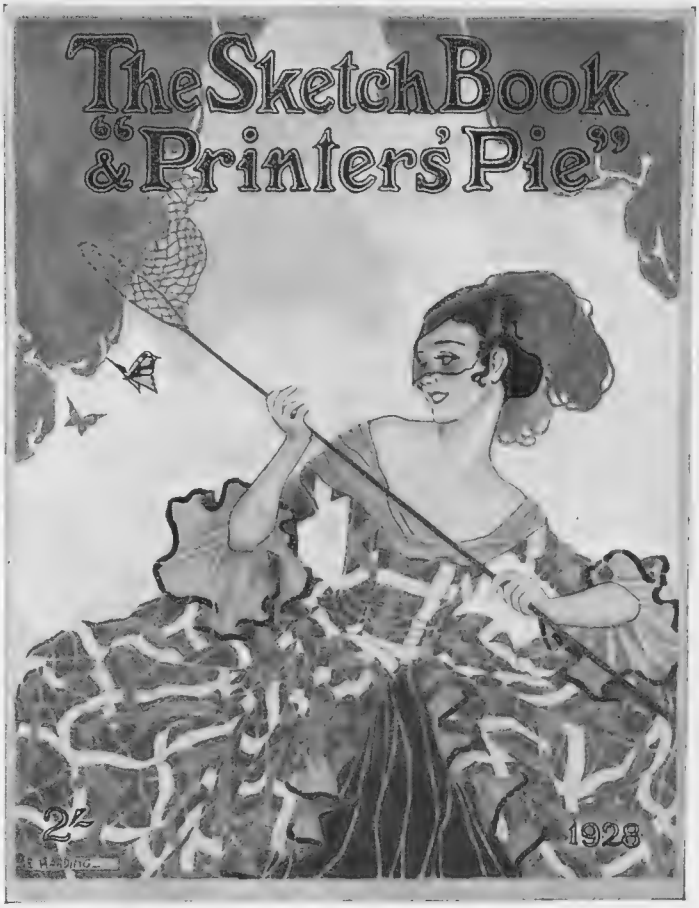

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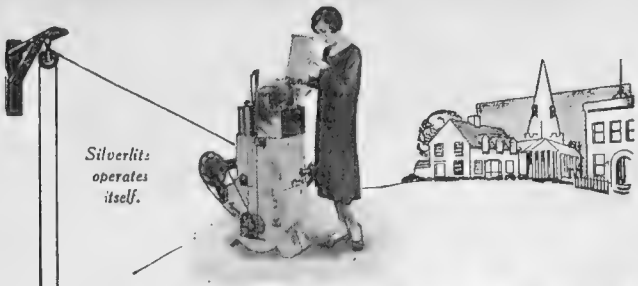

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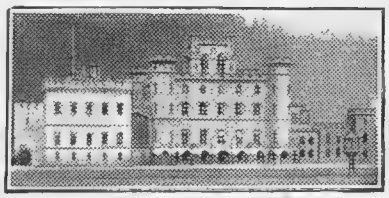

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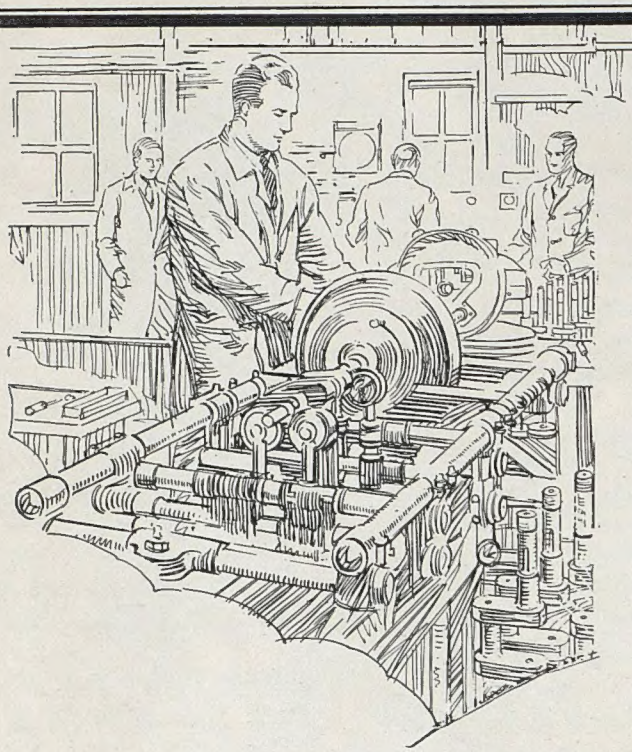

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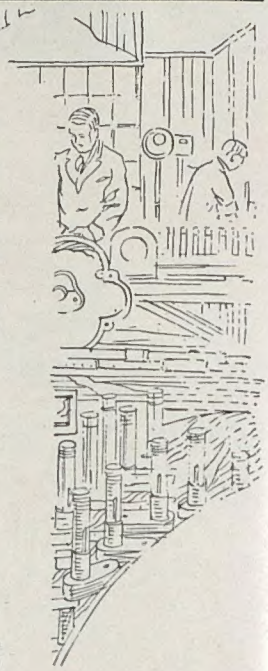

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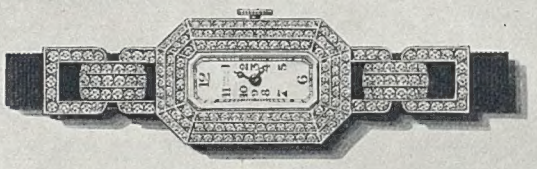

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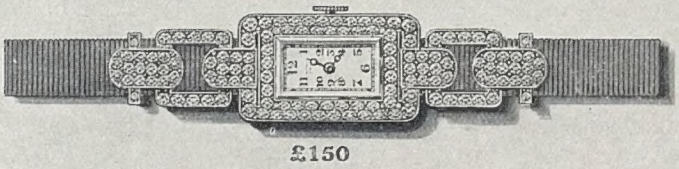

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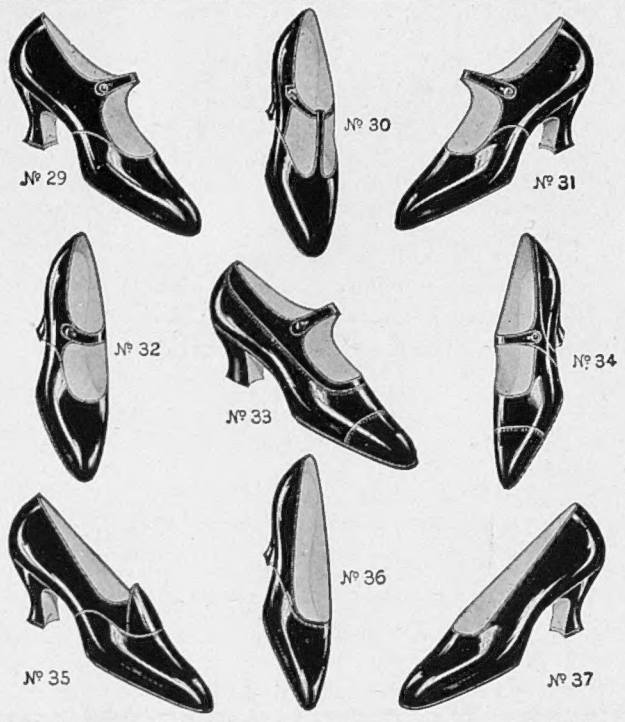

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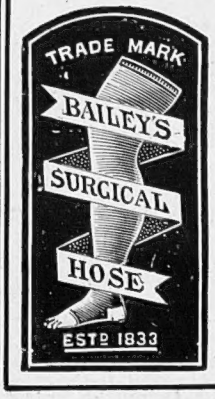

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